

THE DODGERS AND THE BRAVES: THE RACE IS ON

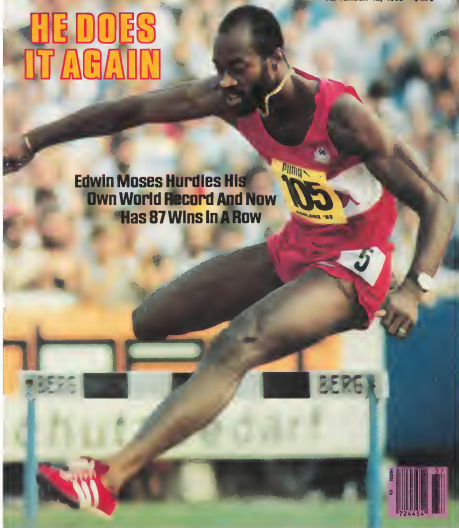
HARVEY MARTIN: THE DALLAS COWBOYS' FALLEN HERO

# Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 12, 1983 \$1.75

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IT AGAIN**

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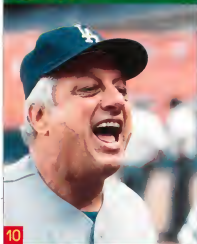
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## LEADING OFF



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*Dodger Manager Tommy Lasorda had lots to cheer about, which was more than could be said for Bengal Ken Anderson or the crew of Courageous, which bowed out of America's Cup competition.*

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# Why **Sports Illustrated** subscribers keep coming back...



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[Ali] went berserk when he saw Liston on the canvas and heard the chorus of "Fake! Fake!" coming from the fans who had missed the knockout punch.

Instead of retreating to a neutral corner and allowing Referee Joe Walcott to begin his count, the frantic champion stood over Liston shouting, "Get up and fight, sucker!" *A's Monday Night News - 1965*

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EDITED BY ALEXANDER WOLFF

**SO WHO'S SHORTCHANGING WHOM?**

When the USFL's New Jersey Generals signed Herschel Walker last spring before the University of Georgia star had used up his eligibility at the school (page 18), college coaches around the country screamed bloody murder. The USFL's signing of college players, they wailed, would interfere with student-athletes' dogged pursuit of their college educations and play havoc with the college game. In the face of these objections, USFL Commissioner Chet Simmons has publicly pledged that his league will not compound its supposed crime in signing Walker by also siphoning away Oklahoma Running Back Marcus Dupree. What Simmons hasn't said—but should—is that the complaints about signing still-eligible collegians are so much hokey. To consider them in order:

1) *It interferes with education.* So how much education do pro-caliber football players get, even when they dutifully spend all four years playing for Old Siwash? Compared with other college stars, Walker was considered to be unusually conscientious in the classroom, yet *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution* recently reported that Georgia's three-time All-America had only 92 of the 195 credit hours required for graduation. It's safe to assume, what with the distractions of the regular football season, postseason bowls, three pro All-Star games, pro tryouts, pro minicamps and banquet-circuit commitments, not to mention his then-envisioned pursuit of a berth on the 1984 U.S. Olympic team, that Walker still would have been light-years away from a degree even if he'd returned to Georgia for his final season. At any rate, Walker still is free to pursue his degree, and he has indicated that he intends to take courses at Georgia this fall.

2) *It hurts college football.* Let's look at the experience of Arizona State's baseball team. Baseball hotshots are protected from the pros only as freshmen and sophomores in college and can be freely signed either before or after that. Over the years Arizona State has had such ballplayers as Reggie Jackson, Sal Bando, Bob Horner, Floyd Bannister, Ken Landreaux and Larry Gura, but just as impressive is the list of those who signed letters of intent with the Sun Devils, only to

turn pro before arriving on campus—including Jim Palmer, Dale Murphy, Robin Yount, Lee Mazzilli, Jeff Burroughs, Garry Templeton, Brett Butler, Chris Speier and Johnnie LeMaster. Arizona State received no value whatsoever from any of those players, yet because other college baseball teams have also been stripped of talent by the pros, the Sun Devils have remained a baseball power.

If all college football players were similarly fair game for the pros, life would surely go on in that sport, too. Indeed, not even Georgia can claim to have been shortchanged by Walker's defection. During his three years on campus, the Bulldogs played in three Sugar Bowls, appeared on network telecasts eight other times and increased their stadium capacity by 18,000 seats, which they filled for every home game. All told, Walker can be credited with having produced at least \$3 million in extra revenue for Georgia, not a bad return on the school's investment—covering three years of scholarship, uniform, travel and other costs for Herschel—of perhaps \$45,000.

**AND HE RAN THE RACE IN MILLER TIME**

The winner of the Pabst Blue Ribbon Purse, a recent co-feature at Omaha's Ak-Sar-Ben racetrack, was Split A Bud.

**NOW A POSTAL SUBSIDY?**

Several weeks ago we noted that a letter from the Kansas City Kings, one of several NBA franchises in financial trouble, arrived in our office marked "Postage Due—17c." Last week's mail brought a missive from the Utah Jazz. It bore no stamp.

**HIGH LIQUIDITY**

Major league general managers did a lot of credit-card shopping over the past two weeks. No sooner had the Padres sent Pitcher John Montefusco to the Yankees for two players to be named later, than the Indians dealt Pitcher Len Barker to the Braves for three players to be named later and the Padres sent Outfielder Sixto Lezcano and a player to be named later

to the Phillies for four players to be named later. All of which recalls Harry Chitt, the catcher the Mets acquired from Cleveland in 1962 for cash and a player to be named later, who that same season turned out to be Chitt himself.

**SWINGING FROM YOUR FEELS**

A researcher at Pittsburgh's Carnegie-Mellon University has discredited one of baseball's hoariest exhortations: that you should "keep your eye on the ball" from the moment it's pitched until it strikes the bat. That, says Dr. A. Terry Bahill, 37, an associate professor of electrical



and biomedical engineering, is "physiologically impossible." Bahill came to his conclusion after studying the head and eye movements of one Pittsburgh Pirate and several Carnegie-Mellon varsity players and grad students. The subjects were asked to watch the flight of a computer-controlled pitch beginning 60' 6" away and traveling at speeds of as much as 93 mph. Not even the Pirate, Brian Harper, came close to tracking the ball all the way from mound to lumber.

According to Bahill, a hitter can only hope to follow a pitch for the first 55 feet of its journey. Better batters train themselves to lose it somewhere in mid-flight, at which point they make a quick guess as

continued

to where it's going and a corrective eye movement to pick it up again.

Bahill is aware of Ted Williams' contention that he could actually see the ball strike the bat and agrees that it's possible. But that's not what made Teddy Ballgame a great hitter. It's Bahill's contention that Williams would track the ball, lose it and then find it again, just before contact. "It does no good to see the ball hit the bat," Bahill says. "By then, it's far too late to adjust your swing. But it could be a learning thing. It shows a hitter how the ball moves, and it'll help the next swing."

Bahill pursued his research to answer larger questions about how the brain controls movement. He'll present his findings at a conference of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers this December in New Delhi, where no one much cares about baseball. But his discovery applies to cricket and tennis, too—and to Bahill's own sport of choice. "I play a lot of softball," he says, "and the study has helped me to concentrate more." In slo-pitch, he adds, you really can keep your eye on the ball.

#### AINATING A REFEREE'S POSITION

The day after the U.S.S.R. shot down Korean Air Lines Flight 7, U.S.A. Wrestling Executive Director Steve Combs and President Werner Holzer discussed the fate of American participation in the world championships, set to begin Sept. 22 in Kiev. Both were aware that President Carter's boycott of the Moscow Olympics to protest the U.S.S.R.'s invasion of Afghanistan is an emphatic precedent, and the matter may be out of their hands. "You've got the emotion on both sides of it," says Combs. "You could say, 'Hey, we want nothing to do with them.' On the other hand, we've got guys working their butts off to make this team."

Derrieries were doing double duty even as Combs spoke. Qualifying wrestling-offs in Greco-Roman and freestyle took place last weekend, and the U.S. team thereby selected began an intensive two-week preworlds training program on Monday. But until President Reagan announces his response to the Soviet action, the team will be left to grapple with the possibility of missing a stage in its Olympic preparation, one that Combs calls "critical." It's the same uncertainty U.S. athletes faced in 1980 as the

specter of the Carter boycott loomed.

Neither U.S.A. Wrestling nor the State Department had an official comment as SI went to press, but Combs already sounds more philosophical about the prospect of not competing than the amateur sports establishment did in '80, when Carter's decision met with widespread bitterness. Perhaps 55 dead countrymen mean more than 16 million oppressed Afghans. "You begin to appreciate how all these international incidents affect us in differing ways," Combs says. "With us, it's sports. But I'm sure some farmer is sitting at home, thinking about the grain deal." Reagan has announced he won't rescind the new U.S.-U.S.S.R.



#### NON-CUSTOMARY TREATMENT

Henry Marsh, the world-class steeplechaser and devout Mormon who forswears coffee, tea, alcohol and tobacco, cleared customs recently after returning from the European track wars. When a customs officer asked where he'd been, Marsh said he'd been competing at meets in Helsinki, Berlin and Zurich. The inspector gave Marsh a suspicious once-over, rapped on his suitcase and said, "Got any steroids in here?"

grain accord. With Kiev only two weeks away, the wrestlers might take some encouragement from that.

#### NO, JUST WORRIED

Moments after Pascale Paradis of France upset Hungary's Andrea Temesvári at the U.S. Open last Saturday, CBS dispatched Commentator John Tesh to

get a word with the winner. "I know you don't speak much English," he said, "so I'll keep it simple. Were you at all apprehensive...?"

#### THE SEVE LEVY

The PGA Tour's long-standing Conflicting Event Rule required that a foreign golfer who wanted a PGA card enter at least five U.S. events for every tournament he played outside his country. Because his homeland, Spain, hosts only two European Tour events, Seve Ballesteros has long considered the rule unfair. Last June he had a request for an exemption denied. Now the PGA has relented, asking only that a member appear in at least 15 U.S. events each season. Beyond that, he's free to compete in any tournament on his "home circuit," which in Ballesteros' case is the European Tour.

PGA Assistant to the Commissioner Dale Antram admits the rule was modified on Ballesteros' behalf. But consider what the PGA is getting in return: a guaranteed number of U.S. appearances from the 26-year-old Ballesteros, whose good looks and dashing manner make him a box-office natural. Sponsors, of course, take to anything the fans do. "Seve has offered to work with us insofar as playing specific weeks when certain sponsors stand to benefit most," says Antram, implying that Ballesteros is just the man to invigorate sluggish attendance. Last week Ballesteros, with \$210,933 in winnings on the PGA Tour, stood roughly even with Tom Watson and Ray Floyd on the money list, though he'd appeared in just eight events, while Watson and Floyd had teed off in 16 and 21, respectively. Says Tom Kite, who supports the ruling, "If he hurts anybody it's going to be name players, by winning a tournament they might have a crack at." That, of course, will hardly hurt the tour.

#### THEY SAID IT

- John Madden, CBS sportscaster, during a preseason game between the Cowboys and the Oilers: "From the waist down, Earl Campbell has the biggest legs I've ever seen on a running back."
- Billy Gardner, Twins manager, upon being informed that the City of Minneapolis plans to assess a property tax against his team: "If they put a lien against us, I've got a couple of pitchers they can have."

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## Dodgers, This

**R**emember Mr. Potato Head, the man of many funny faces from your childhood? Don't laugh now, but Mr. Potato Head has something to do with the Los Angeles Dodgers' repossession of first place in the National League West. It sounds silly, but from Aug. 11, when they started awarding the Mr. Potato Head doll to the hero of every victory, through Sunday the Dodgers had a record of 18-7

and moved from 6½ games behind the Atlanta Braves to 2½ games in front of them. Put a smile on Mr. Potato Head.

Of course, Mr. Potato Head hasn't done it alone. There are other, more substantive reasons why, in a repeat performance of last year's pennant race, L.A. has erased a large Braves lead. The Dodger defense, which by July 17 had committed 108 errors, has settled down—only 39

errors since then—especially in the infield, where Third Baseman Pedro Guerrero and Second Baseman Steve Sax are no longer turning every ground ball into an adventure. Give Mr. Potato Head a good arm.

On Aug. 19 Los Angeles acquired left-hander Rick Honeycutt from the Texas Rangers, making the best pitching staff in baseball even better. An extra arm for

# Spud's For You

**With the help of Mr. Potato Head, Los Angeles has whipped into the National League West lead**

**by STEVE WULF**



Mr. Potato Head. The batting is improved, too: Outfielder Mike Marshall has recovered from an early-season bemoaning. First Baseman Greg Brock broke out of a prolonged slump with four taters in nine games two weeks ago, and as week's end Guerrero had hit .452 in his last 11 games, with two homers, five doubles, one triple and 10 RBIs. In addition, the catching corps, beset by injuries all sea-

son, has been rescued from self-destruction by young Jack Fimple.

This hasn't been an easy year for the Dodgers or their manager, Tommy Lasorda. "I lost both catchers [Mike Scioscia with a torn rotator cuff and Steve Yeager with a broken wrist] and had to go with two kids who'd never caught a day in the majors," says Lasorda. "In the same week I had to tell each member of

Aggressive baserunning, like that of Baker, is leaving Dodger opponents in the dust.

my double-play combination [Shortstop Bill Russell and Sax] that his father had died. I lost my lefthanded relief pitcher [Steve Howe] for over a month to drug rehabilitation. One of my lefthanders [Jerry Reuss] didn't win for two months, and in one of those months the other lefthander [Fernando Valenzuela] didn't

*continued*

win either. My leftfielder [Dusty Baker] is having an off year, and my second baseman has a hard time throwing to first base. Now what are the odds of all that happening in the same season?"

On Aug. 10 the Dodgers lost to Cincinnati 9-2 and were 6½ games back, and after the game Lasorda chewed them up and spat them out. Says Outfielder Rick Monday, "Back in 1977 we were 8½ games ahead in August, and Tommy called a meeting. Well, Boog Powell, who was with us, kept count with one of those ball-strike counters, and he had Tommy at 160 expletives in 20 minutes, which was the world indoor record. After that loss in Cincinnati, Tommy spoke for about 10 minutes and nearly broke the record." At the end of his tirade Lasorda told the Dodgers he wanted them in uniform at 11 a.m. the next day before their night game with the Reds.

Lasorda's speech was followed by a players-only session in which some veterans, notably Pitcher Pat Zachry, Baker, Monday and Russell spoke up. Marshall specifically asked Russell to say a few words, and The Dean, as his teammates call him, who rarely speaks at meetings, hit home with his talk. He suggested to Marshall and Brock that they stop trying so hard and that, rather than worrying about themselves, they play for the team.

It rained the next morning, but that gave Lasorda another opportunity to ex-

Sax had a devil of a time throwing from second, but he has been catching on lately.



Russell, long considered shaky at short, is now a steady influence on the field and off.

ercise his lungs, although he was much gentler. "I asked them if it wasn't too much to gain one game a week for seven weeks," he says. At the end of Lasorda's talk, Monday brought out Mr. Potato Head for the first time. "It got a big laugh," says Russell, "and it was the right way to end the meeting. All the tension was gone."

The Potato Head saga boils down to this: The award is in honor of Paul Padilla, the hold assistant trainer who bears

a striking resemblance to Mr. P. The trophy had been suggested to Monday by Pitcher Joe Beckwith, who was eating breakfast one morning when his 2-year-old daughter, Merrill, brought a Mr. Potato Head doll to the table. Beckwith went out and bought one of his own, then painted Padilla's hairline on it.

So now, after every victory, Padilla presents Mr. Potato Head to the game's most valuable player, and the entire clubhouse breaks into the Mr. Potato Head



song, which is sung to the tune of *Houray for Hollywood*. However, the lyrics aren't meant for children ages two to six. Take Mr. Potato Head's ears off.

Through Sunday, 13 different Dodgers had won him. Outfielder Ken Landreaux and Pitcher Bob Welch leading the pack with three potatoes each. After the presentation ceremony, Padilla puts the MVP's number on Mr. Potato Head's back. After every loss he takes the smile off Mr. Potato Head and lowers his arms, which after the next win are raised in triumph. "I'm not going to say we're winning because of him," says Padilla, "but I think the players do see it as a kind of motivation."

"It's much bigger than the Academy Awards," says Marshall. "I got mine for a home run—or else I might have been Potato Headless."

On Friday in Montreal, Baker, 34, spotted Mr. Potato Head standing—or sitting, it's hard to tell with Tater Tête—in a corner of the trainer's room. The Dodgers had just lost two in a row, so Baker decided to give Mr. Potato Head a pep talk. He picked him up and said, "Who stuck you in the corner? I want you out there tonight doing your job, not sitting around. We've got to get you going again." Baker took Mr. Potato Head out into the clubhouse and placed him on the ice chest next to the locker of Jerry Reuss, that night's starting pitcher. Reuss then pitched a five-hitter as the Dodgers beat the Expos 4-1 to increase their lead to 2½ games.

Baker explained his outlandish behavior thusly: "We may be grown men, but this is a children's game." And the Dodgers are, after all, the original Boys of Summer.

After the victory Welch said, "It was Jerry Reuss who won for us tonight, not Mr. Potato Head. But then, you never know."

Welch did his part Saturday night, taking a shutout into the seventh as the Dodgers won 4-0. The veterans who vote for MPH had a tough time choosing from among Welch; Tom Niedenfuer, who earned his 10th save; Landreaux, who drove in two runs; and Rafael Landestoy, who hit an insurance homer in the ninth. The winner was Welch, who was serenaded with the Mr. Potato Head song while he was attached to the muscle stimulator in the trainer's room.

"The spirit of this team is like day and

night from what it was three weeks ago," says Beckwith. That dumb little plastic potato has become the Dodgers' late-season rallying point.

On Aug. 11, the night after the big meeting, the Dodgers beat the Reds 4-3, and Niedenfuer won the game and the first Mr. Potato Head. The Dodgers had beaten the worst team in the division by one run and still trailed the Braves by 6½

wouldn't bump his ass on a log every time he jumped."

Then the Dodgers traded Pitcher Dave Stewart to the Rangers for Honeycutt, whom they promptly signed to a five-year, \$3.75 million contract. The effect of these events was threefold. First, though Stewart was one of L.A.'s most popular players, the trade convinced the Dodgers that the front office was trying to win the



Gersony's pegs from third are getting less notorious, and his hitting is just plain glorious.

games, but the mood aboard the charter flight in Atlanta that night was so loose that one might have thought the Dodgers had won the pennant. Says Baker, "Timing is everything. In hitting, pitching, fielding—and in calling meetings. The timing was right. That's the day we became a team."

There were some other significant developments the next week. The Braves lost Third Baseman Bob Horner with a broken wrist, and that suddenly made them seem vulnerable. Few Dodgers will admit that Horner's injury made a difference in their thinking, but it has to have helped. Lasorda, when asked if he would be in first place if Horner were healthy, said, "If a hulfrog had wings, he

pennant as much as they were. Second, the move hit a fire under Reuss, who was looking for the same sort of contract that Honeycutt got but had lost seven straight games, dating to May 31, in part because of a sore elbow. Since the trade, Reuss has completed and won all three of his starts and allowed only four earned runs in 28 innings. Third, they got Honeycutt.

At 14-8 with a 2.42 ERA, Honeycutt had been a strong candidate for the American League Cy Young Award. "I'd much rather be on a pennant contender than try to win an individual award," he says. In his first two starts Honeycutt beat the Phillies twice, pitching 16 innings and giving up just one run and only four fly balls. He's the second coming of

continued



Potato inspired the award that Reuss earned in Montreal.

#### THE DODGERS continued

Tommy John, only younger and with a slightly better curveball. On Thursday in Montreal he got the Expos to hit into eight groundouts in four innings, but the defense succumbed, committing a three-run error after Honeycutt was chased, making him an 8-3 loser.

The Dodgers are still having problems in the field. One of the runs off Honeycutt was scored because of mental and physical errors by all four infielders. Although Sax hasn't made a throwing er-

ror to first base since Aug. 5, he still tends to free/e before he throws. And Baker, ordinarily an excellent fielder, made errors in consecutive games in Montreal. The defense is better than what it was, though, and Russell has been the steady-influence.

A much maligned shortstop, Russell is having a good year at the plate, hitting .263, and an even better one in the field. At 34 he realizes he has only a few seasons left, so he's tutoring his successor, Dave Anderson. He has such class that, he says, he would be happy to play for the Dodgers in a reserve role when the time comes. A tip of Mr. Potato Head's cap to Bill Russell.

Los Angeles has plenty of offense. As of Sunday it led the league in home runs with 127, and six of its regulars have at least 13. The big gun has been Guerrero, who had 26 homers, 87 RBIs, 20 stolen bases and a .294 average. Sax had 44 slo-

len bases, although he had been thrown out 26 times.

Fimble, bless his name, has been a big help, alternating with the now-recovered Yeager behind the plate. Fimble was a throw-in in the trade that sent Rick Sutcliffe to Cleveland two years ago, so he eases the pain of that swap. "He has an idea," says Reuss. "I really like pitching to him."

The mouth on Mr. Potato Head belongs, of course, to Lasorda, who is having an excellent year, rhetorically speaking. After a tough loss to Atlanta a month ago, Lasorda gave a speech to rival Lincoln's second inaugural. According to Lasorda, "I told them of the great entertainer, Al Jolson, who, when he had the audience captivated, in the palm of his hand, said, 'You ain't seen nothin' yet.' " Before the start of a series against the Phillies two weeks ago, Lasorda, concerned that some of his players had gone to Atlantic City the night before, delivered a variation on the theme of "You can't stop and smell the roses." For all his bluster, Lasorda has done a good job of managing this season. The Dodgers have had more than their share of

## IN THE WEST, THE SOUTH GOES SOUTH

The Atlanta Braves' batting order last Saturday, as posted on the clubhouse blackboard, was Garr, Millan, Mathews, Aaron, Carty, Torre, Alou, Logan and Spahn. It was only a joke, of course, perpetrated by the injured utility man, Jerry Royster, but it's a pity those legendary old Braves couldn't have taken the field, since the actual lineup of Baker, Ramirez, Washington, Murphy, Chambliss, Jacoby, Hubbard, Benedict and Nickro went out and coughed up another one, 6-2 to the Pittsburgh Pirates. If nothing else, Royster's prank did demonstrate one positive characteristic of the current Braves: They may have lost their third baseman, a whole bunch of games and their lead in the National League West in the past three weeks, but they haven't lost their sense of humor.

Good thing, too. On Aug. 13, Atlanta was 6½ games ahead of Los Angeles. By last Sunday, the Braves were 2½ behind, having lost 10 of their last 13—including six straight last week at home—and, since the now fateful 13th, 14 of 20. Not that the Braves have been playing all that horrendously; it's just that

their starting pitching, the surprise of the league in early season, has apparently gone, as they say, south—no mean trick if you're playing in Georgia. In the Braves' first four games last week, their starters lasted barely four innings apiece, giving up 37 hits and 19 runs. From Aug. 13 through Sept. 4, the Braves' starting pitchers had a 5.60 ERA. Among the offenders was Len Barker, whom the Braves acquired from Cleveland on Aug. 28 and promptly signed to a five-year, \$4.2 million contract. Three days later Barker, who once pitched a perfect game for the Indians and was to be the bellwether of the Braves' staff in the stretch drive, established in his first start that he fit right in with his new colleagues. He allowed five runs on 10 hits in 4½ innings of a 6-3 loss to the Cardinals. "Maybe I was trying too hard," he said later, echoing a familiar clubhouse sentiment.

Maybe that's what all the Braves' starters have been doing. "I think they've been forcing themselves to do more than they can," says Rube Walker, who, with Bob Gibson, forms Atlanta's pitching coaching corps. Whatever the starters are trying to do, they've been nullifying some pretty fair play by the rest of the Braves. On Thursday, against the Cardinals, Atlanta ran the bases with bravado. Third Baseman Randy Johnson actually stealing second while Catcher Darrell Porter,

who had just caught a pop-up, tossed the ball back to Pitcher Neil Allen. Then, Starter Pascual Perez, who hasn't won a game since Aug. 7, came around in a six-run Cardinal fourth. On Friday against Pittsburgh, Glenn Hubbard tied the score at 1-1 in the fifth inning, dashing home on a short wild pitch, but in the sixth, Braves Starter Ken Dayley gave up a two-run homer to Dave Parker, and the Pirates went on to win 6-1. On Saturday Phil Niekro seemed to get the pitching hack on track by going 5½ scoreless innings while allowing Pittsburgh only one hit. But Niekro





travail, more even than the Braves.

Lasorda was in all his glory on the Dodgers' eastern swing the last two weeks. In Philadelphia, his hometown, restaurateurs were literally running out of their establishments to get him to try their cheesesteaks. In New York on the night of Aug. 28, he and Dodger Publicity Director Steve Brenner asked a policeman where they could buy a newspaper; after being escorted around the city in a squad car, they ended up helping a police sergeant celebrate his promotion in the holding cells in the subway station beneath Times Square.

Many visitors made their way to Lasorda's office at Shea Stadium last week. One day, WBA lightweight champion Ray Mancini stopped by. "Boom Boom!" shouted Lasorda. "Tommy!" shouted Mancini, who then introduced his stable of sparring partners and begged Lasorda. Next a distinguished-looking man arrived. "Laz!" Lasorda shouted. "Tommy!" shouted Laz Barrera, the noted horse trainer. They hugged. Luckily, Barrera didn't bring his stable.

Lasorda saved his best performance for Thursday night in Montreal. After the

8-3 loss he was invited to appear on Jeff Rimer's *Sports Talk*, a combined audience and telephone participation radio show broadcast from Salon 76, the dining club in Olympic Stadium. Lasorda is immensely popular in Montreal, where he pitched for nine years, and by the end of the show he had the Expo fans on their feet. "If you tell people you're with the Padres," he said, "they ask where's your robe. [Pause.] If you tell them you're an Indian, they ask what tribe. [Pause.] But when you tell them you're a Dodger, they know that you're in the major leagues." The ovation was astounding, even though Lasorda promised to beat the Expos the next night.

Lasorda, too, has become fond of Mr. Potato Head. "I love that kind of thing. The guys are smiling now, laughing. It's been good for the team."

Friday night, after the Dodgers had chased Steve Rogers and beaten the Expos 4-1, the players gathered around for the award ceremony. The winner was Reuss, for his live-bitter.

"I will perish this award forever," Reuss said, cradling Mr. Potato Head.

"This spud's for you," Padilla said. **END**



Lasorda: having high times with low lives.

also walked eight as that relatively brief stretch, and so he had to go. Too bad, because the normally stalwart but recently over-worked reliever, Steve Bedrosian, allowed six runs in the seventh, four on a grand slam by Pinch Hitter Mike Easler.

And so it goes. The pitchers shouldn't bear all the blame, of course. The breaks, particularly the one Third Baseman Bob Horner sustained to his right wrist on Aug. 15, have also gone against Atlanta. Horner, whose 20 homers represented exactly a fifth of the Braves' total, is out for the season. His immediate replacement, the amphis Royiser, survived Horner by only a game and a half, going down with a torn deltoid ligament in his right ankle. "I was Plan B," says Royiser, who returns to the lineup this weekend, "so they had to go to Plan C." That included the deployment of rookies Johnson and Brock Jacoby, the latter sum-

moned hastily from the Richmond Triple A farm team. Brent Butler, who has been one of Atlanta's mainstays all year—its leader in triples (13) and stolen bases (31)—and Jacoby are basically lame-duck Braves, for both are strongly rumored to be among the "players named later" in the Barker trade. Butler, particularly, has been receiving tumultuous cheers lately from Atlanta fans, who, after Barker's disappointing debut, have demonstrated a taste for irony.

Many Atlanta fans and, it seems, some Braves feel the real reason for the Braves' descent is the removal on Aug. 6 of mascot Chief Noc-A-Homa's teepee from its location in the seats beyond the leftfield fence at Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium. The Braves are annually obliged to evict the Chief at the start of the Falcons' exhibition season, since his abode occupies some 250 choice football seats. Nobody seemed to notice the teepee's departure until last year, when, with it gone, the Braves went into an even more calamitous slide than this year's, losing 19 of 21—including 11 in a row—from the end of July until Aug. 18. Bedrosian, who is of Armenian descent and not expert in Chippewa—Noc-A-Homa's tribe—here, wonders if maybe "the Indian gods are angry" over this modern-day rousing out of a Native American. Anyway, Noc-A-Homa-less, the Braves had dropped

11 of 13 home games. On the night of Barker's debut, Atlanta's management did erect a smaller, portable version of the teepee beyond the fence. It apparently did little to assuage the offended deities, since the Braves lost four more in succession.

But neither the Atlanta players nor their doggedly optimistic manager, Joe Torre, is discouraged by the sorry occurrences of the past few weeks. "Last year was an experience you couldn't buy," says veteran First Baseman Bob Watson, recalling the team's recovery from 1982's losing streak to beat the Dodgers for the division championship on the final day of the season. And Torre, whose positive nature makes Drs. Peale and Pangloss seem downright Kierkegaardian, daily infuses his losses with the will, if not the skill, to win. "We're not whipped puppies," Torre says. "We can't dwell on what's wrong, only on what we have to do. I believe in these people. We're all doing the best we can, and you can't ask for more."

The only sore point with Torre appears to be the teepee and its supposed heat. Glancing out from the batting cage to the little tent in leftfield one day last week, he muttered, mostly to himself, "We ought to circle the wagons and burn that sucker down." Boy, oh boy, if you're looking for a losing streak. . . .

—RON FINKLE

If Torre is thinking of circling the wagons, will the Braves fold up their tents?



# He Gave Himself A Birthday Present

Edwin Moses, God's gift to hurdling, celebrated his 28th with the fourth world-record clocking of his career

by KENNY MOORE

**T**he man has a degree in physics and is distinctly mathematically oriented. He has an eye on medical school. Even so, it's surprising that when Edwin Moses' deepest wishes take shape in his dreams, they may appear as numerals—"magic numbers," as he calls them.

In the early hours one morning last week, Moses dreamed he saw 8-31-83 and then, repeatedly, 47.03. "My 28th birthday," he reported later. "And a very good time for the 400-meter hurdles." Indeed, it was a tenth of a second better than his world record set three years ago, Aug. 31, 1983, as it happened, was that very day, and the world record had lain heavily on Moses' mind all season. "But I wasn't going to say anything about that dream," Moses would recall. Not until after the race, anyway.

The race was in Koblenz, West Germany, and when Moses stripped off his sweats and jogged to the start, his wife of slightly more than a year, Myrella, exclaimed, "He has no socks on. And he's still wearing his watch."

Well, Moses had said that he would try this one in a little more mellow frame of



Last in the blocks, first at the finish, Moses slashed .11 off his world mark in Koblenz.

mind. In the preceding weeks he had run 47.37 in Zurich and 47.43 in Cologne. In the Cologne race, intense and pressing ("overconcentrating," Moses called it), he had gone out blazing, ignoring the fundamental technical issue of his first five hurdles, which is one of delicacy. Moses takes 13 steps between barriers. Until very recently, when Andre Phillips of Los Angeles joined him, he was the only man able to carry that stride pattern for the entire distance. Others start with 13s and change to 14s or 15s as they tire. Early in the race, when he's fresh, Moses must be careful not to lengthen his stride, otherwise he runs up on the hurdles, chops his steps and loses his momentum, wasting energy.

In Cologne he had wasted a lot. He actually hit the first hurdle and then had to chop before the next four. "Everything was bad," he said. "I lost at least three-tenths, chopping, and I got tired awfully early."

Phillips, meanwhile, was running the race of his life, and was only slightly behind entering the stretch. Moses, whose strength is his forte, had driven himself to a three-yard lead by the last hurdle, but "then I got off balance over that one." He buckled and ran flat-footed to the line for his 84th straight victory.

Phillips hung on for a 47.78, making him the third-fastest 400-meter hurdler in history, and his delight was antic. "The first thing I thought of when I crossed the line was: My mom has to stop smoking now," he said. "We had a deal. If I got into the 47s, she got out of the cigarettes. I like my mom. I wanted to boost the odds on her staying around."

Phillips was roundly congratulated by every athlete who knew him, and the scene pointed up the extent to which Moses has become an institution: it's big news when someone Moses beats runs a time Moses himself has already bettered on 15 other occasions.

For Koblenz, Moses decided to relax, and if a record came, it came. Oberwerth



"No socks," wife Myrella moaned—but no sweat, either.

Stadium is surrounded by tall trees, and on the warm, still, dry evening of the meet it was filled with 22,000 expectant Koblenzers. The 400 hurdles was the first event on the program. It usually is. Moses is almost always the creator of a throng's emotion, not the beneficiary of it. His own drives ready him full well. With the wins piling ever higher, he was asked earlier in the season whether the races had begun to run together or the routine had grown stale. "No," he said, "it still seems like I'm being led to my execution 15 times a year."

The competition in Koblenz was virtually the same as that in early August's World Championships: Harald Schmid of West Germany, the second-fastest ever and the last man to beat Moses, six years ago, David Lee of the U.S. and Phillips were all inside Moses' Lane 5. Because of the stagger, Moses had no one to key on, to chase. He was the last to settle into the blocks and the last to assume the set position. And the first to the first hurdle, which he cleared perfectly. "This is the fastest part of the race," he would say. "I have to stop the acceleration after the first one and just kind of restrain myself, up on my toes, to get the steps right."

He chopped a little at the second, the third, the fifth. Phillips was right with him again. "Over the seventh, though," as Phillips said afterward, "I saw him

take a little look over his shoulder. And he just took off!"

"The last half of my race is explosive because I've run conservatively the first half," said Moses. "I always feel behind." Now he was tired enough that he could run all out and have his steps fit perfectly. By the eighth hurdle he was rapidly pulling away from Phillips.

"That was about the point," Phillips would say, "where someone said to me, 'Here, take this refrigerator with you.'"

Moses' last 90 meters was no longer race, but display. He stayed balanced and low over the last two hurdles and drove with sweeping uppercuts across the line. The time was 47.02, a

world record by .11 of a second, a hundredth faster even than he had dreamed.

It was the fourth time Moses had broken the record: he took it from Uganda's John Akai-Bua in 1976 with a 47.64 in the Olympic final and reduced it to 47.45 in 1977 and 47.13 in 1980. But in Koblenz, Moses couldn't stop smiling. "Well, I haven't had a PR for three years," he said, laughing, and then took a slow victory lap.

Phillips had been second in 48.26, Lee third in 48.65 and Schmid fourth in 48.92. Phillips, since this was his last race of the year, took off his shoes and shirt and threw them into the crowd. Moses would need his to win his 86th straight race (48.74) the next night in Rome and No. 87 (47.93) in Rieti, Italy on Sunday.

When friends and promoters offered him birthday congratulations, Moses' answer was, "Couldn't ask for anything more." He gathered Lee and Phillips around him, looking at them fondly. They were bonded by the difficulty of what they had done well. "This is a rough event," Moses said. "That's why you don't have a lot of guys just dropping in and out. You know the very few who know this craft."

You could see the wheels turning. Then he said, "It's going to be hard not to think about a U.S. Olympic sweep next year."

END

# Trying To Replace The Irreplaceable

For Georgia, life after Herschel began with a soggy victory over UCLA and a quartet of runners making their bids to take over his spot

by JACK MCCALLUM



Some 80,000 Georgia fans gathered in Sanford Stadium Saturday night to find out if there's life after Herschel. Among the onlookers was ol' No. 34 himself, who sat high above the field in a private box. Walker is still a part-time resident of Athens—he's taking a biology course, and construction on his new condominium about four miles from the Georgia campus has just been completed—and he was excited about seeing his former teammates in action. Down on the field, though, a No. 34 in the Bulldogs' colors was nowhere to be found. "Nobody asked for it," said Georgia Coach Vince Dooley, "and I don't know whether we would've given it out anyway. On the other hand, maybe we would've. I'd liked to see the sonofagun who had that kind of confidence."

And it's probably just as well no one did. Yes, the Dawgs discovered, there's life after Herschel, but in a decidedly lower form, which is to be expected. Without a determined defense led by a rogue named Hooge and a driving ram that hurt UCLA's passing game, the Bulldogs would not have escaped with a 19-8 opening-game victory over the Bruins, last season's Rose Bowl champions.

Georgia squeezed only 102 yards out of its tailback, who was finally revealed to be none other than Leonard Zelig, the Human Chameleon. Every time Walker



Walker watched the Bruins hold his potential successors to a total of 102 yards.

turned to have a word with his boxmates, who included wife Cindy and Dooley's wife, Barbara, he would find a different tailback out there when his gaze returned to the field. Dooley used four, none of whom resembled No. 34. But then a Walker impersonation would have been too much for even Zelig.

The Bulldogs' 20th straight regular-season victory wasn't secure until Safety Charlie Dean intercepted a Rick Neuheisel pass and returned it 69 yards for a touchdown with 18 seconds remaining. At the time of the misguided throw, UCLA was camped at Georgia's 32-yard line, trailing 12-3. The Bruins had no time-outs left, but their plight was hardly

hopeless, if only because the law of averages was with them. Already in the second half they had advanced to Georgia's six-yard line, its 32 and its eight without scoring a point. In the first half UCLA had lost a TD on an illegal procedure penalty and had come away with only two John Lee field goals. But when Dean stepped in front of a weakly thrown pass in the first, no one was in front of him.

Apparently defense will have to carry the Dawgs, at least until the situations at tailback and quarterback—incumbent John Lastering and sophomore Todd Williams, who shared time Saturday, are engaged in a two-man harpull for the latter job—are straightened out. Never mind that the defense included eight new starters; as long as senior All-America Terry Hoage is in the lineup, everything will be fine. From his roverback spot,

Hoage blitzed quarterbacks, covered running backs man-to-man, met fullbacks at the line of scrimmage and brought down tailbacks in the open field. He finished with 12 tackles, two sacks and an uncalculated number of Excedrin headaches imposed on UCLA's offensive players.

The offense had no such leader. If Dooley is honestly undecided about his quarterback—the feeling here is that he'll soon choose the wide-open option talents of Williams over the more conservative style of Lastering—he's sincerely baffled by what to do with all his tailbacks. "Yes, it's better to have only one," says Dooley. "But lots of teams have two." But, Vince, you have four. "Well, we'll eventually try to cut that in half, somehow."

The starter against UCLA was senior Barry Young, who gained 31 yards on 11 carries. Young has seen more action than the other three, but virtually all of it has been at fullback, the position from which he helped Walker, his roommate the last three years, rush for 1,752 yards and win the Heisman Trophy in 1982. As Walker said before the kickoff, "Barry can play. Don't forget, he was the Georgia tailback before I was." That's because Young graduated early from Swainsboro (Ga.) High and attended the Bulldogs' spring practice before his freshman year. Once Dooley was moved to say, "Young does certain things better than Herschel Walker." Perhaps he was referring to playing backgammon, a game that Young taught Walker and that is a source of enduring rivalry between them.

Inevitably, Young was switched to fullback, and he expected to be there again this year until academic troubles benched Melvin Simmons, the heir apparent at tailback. "I came here as a tailback, and I'd like to be the tailback," says Young. "Now that Herschel's gone, the scouts are going to be able to look at me closer." Yes, but what they'll see is a fullback. Though Young ripped off 24 yards on three carries during Georgia's first series, his lack of speed was glaringly evident. Henceforth, look for Young to play mostly at fullback, where he and convert-

*continued*

Young, Walker's onetime roommate, wasn't fast enough to escape a UCLA grounding.



ed Tight End Scott Williams, the Dawgs' top ground-gainer on Saturday with 43 yards, will make an effective tandem.

The second tailback to run against UCLA was sophomore Keith Montgomery, who was used primarily as a kick returner last season. Montgomery ran for 25 yards on seven carries in the first half, but his fumble late in the second period at his own 20 led to a Lee field goal on the final play of the first half that cut Georgia's lead to 12-6. Montgomery did rush for key yardage on two of Georgia's three scoring drives in the first half. "It's like putting names in a hat and pulling them out," Montgomery said of the tailback derby. Look for his name to be pulled out less frequently as time goes on.

The third contender is freshman David McCluskey, who picked up 33 yards on eight attempts against the Bruins. It's on McCluskey's sturdy 6' 2", 215-pound frame that most Georgia players seem determined to drape the raiment of Herschel. "He's got a chance to be a great one," says Laster. Adds Dean, "He's pretty close to Herschel right now. David's probably more agile, but he doesn't abuse people as much as Herschel. I think he'll be just as good when he gets his technique down." Right. And you should see all the dancers who can move like Michael Jackson.

Nonetheless, McCluskey remains the best bet to reach the top of the crowded depth chart, though not until Dooley thinks it's wise to move a freshman into the glamour position; even Walker didn't



start his first game. McCluskey can run inside, which is what he did as a wish-bone fullback in high school, and he also has the speed (4.6 in the 40) to go outside. "He's got the best raw talent for the position," says Georgia Offensive Coordinator George Haffner.

The tailback roll was completed by Simmons, whom Dooley inserted midway through the third quarter. A senior,

Simmons carried only twice for 13 yards, but that's two carries more than he expected. He missed a lot of preseason practice while working to complete two independent study courses that would give him the eight academic hours he needed to stay eligible. In fact, he pulled an all-nighter on Thursday to study for Friday's final in Sociology 105, and he found out his grade, a C, late that afternoon. Dooley hadn't been counting on him for the game.

Simmons had the misfortune to arrive in Athens the same time as Walker, and, unlike Young, he could never find another spot. He was tested at cornerback and switched to split end last year but didn't feel comfortable at either position. Further, over the years Simmons had failed to win Dooley's confidence. "He may be capable of gaining 140 yards in one game, but you don't know what he'll do in the next," Dooley told *The Atlanta Constitution* in July.

Dooley is almost certain, however, to find out soon what Simmons will do next, perhaps by alternating him with McCluskey. Simmons' talent mandates that he



Montgomery was primarily a kick returner in '82 and may become one again in '83.



Simmons (far right) looked to be the heir apparent until he ran into academic problems.

Georgia games ran nonstop at Bulldog Sporting Goods on Baxter Street, and Athens was just as unfriendly for the opposition. When UCLA bused in from Atlanta Airport on Friday evening, the Bruins were greeted by a sign above the entrance to Cycle World bicycle shop on the outskirts of town: UCLA: UGLY CALIFORNIANS LEAVE ATHENS. And, yes, the most obnoxious battle cry in all of college sports could still be heard: "How 'bout them, . . ." You know the rest.

Certainly Walker's former teammates, who for three years had been the largest supporting cast this side of a Cecil B. DeMille epic, are eager to emerge from the shadow of No. 34. "It's a chance for us all to show how we can survive without Herschel," said Tight End Clarence Kay. "And we will survive."

They will indeed, but now and again there will be reminders of the days when

Georgia had possibly the best running back in college history. Sports Information Director Claude Felton will be reminded when he's not entertaining six to eight interview requests per day. Dooley will be reminded when it's third-and-one, a call that used to be so automatic that he would begin thinking about first down even before the third-down snap. Walker's teammates will be reminded at gut-check time, perhaps in the locker room before a key SEC game. "The thing you got from Herschel more than anything else was attitude," says Simmons. "He had a positive attitude. He picked everybody up. He was always ready."

And Haffner will be reminded every time he goes to the projector. "Most of the time you're too busy with today's problems to think about the past," says Haffner. "But once in a while I'll turn on the projector when I'm studying the back films, and there will be Herschel. I'll watch for a few minutes and say to myself, 'Man, that's how it was.'"

Main, it'll never be like that again. **END**

get a chance to run with the ball in his final season. Even Walker, who refused to name a favorite in the tailback sweepstakes—though one would suspect he's rooting for his old roommate—singled out Simmons. "Nobody was more aware of Melvin's talent than I was," he said. "Sometimes I worried about it. Sometimes I thought he had too much talent, and he could take my job away."

Eventually one of the tailbacks will step forward to take charge, and the Walker Era will be officially over, though not forgotten. As it is, the Bulldogs have adjusted well to Walker's departure, perhaps because fate forced them to. Several injuries, the most crushing being Safety Jeff Sanchez' broken arm, which will sideline him for the season, coupled with Laster's uphill battle to rehabilitate a left knee that required surgery in April, drew much of the attention away from memories of old 34.

Neither did the Georgia fans fall into a deep funk over Walker's departure. About 1,000 more season tickets were sold this year than in '82, and the order forms went out after Walker had defected to the USFL. The pregame atmosphere around Athens was much the same as it had been in Walker's years. On Friday afternoon videotapes of old Geor-

Most Georgia players think that McCluskey will eventually earn Herschel's old job.





**A**t 6:45 last Friday evening, *Lady Marta*, a small powerboat carrying the New York Yacht Club's selection committee, motored slowly through the crowded harbor of Newport and drew alongside the U.S. 12-meter *Liberty*. That afternoon *Liberty* had twice defeated another U.S. boat, *Courageous*, by :52 and a close :13, for an August trials record of 14-8. The N.Y.Y.C.'s Robert McCullough, 63, boarded first, followed by the rest of the nine-member committee, all dressed in bright red pants and jaunty straw hats. McCullough shook the hand of *Liberty*'s skipper, Dennis Conner, and told him that *Liberty* had been selected to defend the America's Cup.

And the party was on. Horns

After beating *Courageous* five times in six races, *Liberty* was chosen to defend the America's Cup in what may be the stiffest challenge ever  
by **SARAH PILEGGI**

blew, cannons boomed, champagne corks popped, and *The Stars and Stripes* Forever blasted tinnily from a loudspeaker aboard another boat. Bodies still holding bottles of champagne hurtled through the gloaming, hit the water and came up laughing. With a half-consumed bottle of champagne clutched in his fist, John Marshall, the mainsail trimmer on *Liberty*, described the last race of the trials to choose the America's Cup defender for 1983. The lead changed hands seven times over the 18-mile course, which was buffeted by a 19-knot breeze.

"We were pretty far behind at the first mark," Marshall said. "We gained a little on the run, but on the second beat, we tacked our way through them. That was one of the most fantastic beats of the summer and maybe in my experience in America's Cup racing. The boat that can come from behind and work its way through the leader, I mean, that's impressive. It's a hell of a hard thing to do."

*Courageous* began the Cup campaign as a glorified sparring partner for *Defender*, her syndicate's newer boat. But when *Defender* turned out to be disappointingly slow in all but the lightest air,



# Liberty Is Free To Face A Fierce Foe

With Connor at the wheel, Liberty sailed to a 34-17 record over her three U.S. rivals.

match, or a fluky race, well, that would be one thing. But we raced in real honest America's Cup conditions, and it was tough, tough racing. It was super."

In the Cup finals on Sept. 13, Connor and Liberty will no doubt be up against *Australia II*, which may or may not be a super boat. Liberty will have everything else that money and hard work can buy, but she won't have wings on her keel, and therein may lie her fate. Therein, too, lies the cause of what has been, so far, one of the most contentious America's Cup summers in memory.

In July a feud between the ever-combustible Alan Bond, the head of the *Australia II* syndicate, and his personal nemesis, the N.Y.Y.C., broke into open warfare over the issue of *Australia II*'s winged keel. It all started when the club requested through official channels a reconsideration of the measurement of *Australia II*. Unfortunately, *Australia II* had already run up a 27-3 record, which led most people to assume that if she had been 3-27, no problem would have arisen. The Australians, in turn, revealed that the Liberty syndicate had tried to buy information about the keel from the tank-testing facility in the Netherlands, where *Australia II*'s designer, Ben Lexcen, had worked for four months in 1981. The Australians next disclosed that a member of the N.Y.Y.C.'s selection committee, Richard Latham, had approached the head of the tank-testing facility, Peter van Oossanen, allegedly in an effort to get him to sign a document that said in effect that van Oossanen and his staff, not Lexcen, had been primarily responsible for the design of the keel. (If her designer hadn't been an Australian national, *Australia II* could have been disqualified from Cup competition.) Van Oossanen refused.

Oddly enough, it was Peter de Savary, the head of the British syndicate, who calmed the troubled waters by producing a confidential ruling from the Interna-

tional Yacht Racing Union, the governing body of the sport. The I.Y.R.U. decision, dated Aug. 17, 1982, said if de Savary wanted to put "winglets" on his Victory '83, he could—and still be legal under the 12-meter rule. When queried by the N.Y.Y.C., the I.Y.R.U. said the same standard applied to *Australia II*.

End of keel flap, except for a press release from the club dated Aug. 26, which began: "The New York Yacht Club is pleased to announce that questions relating to the keels of *Australia II* and Victory '83 and the design thereof have been resolved." Or, as Emily Litella of the original *Saturday Night Live* show would say, "Never mind."

Meanwhile, out on the ocean, Victory '83 and *Australia II* were racing in the challenger finals. Victory '83 won the first race of the best-of-seven series fair, square and surprisingly. But the 13-second loss was apparently the jolt the Aussies needed after a summer of almost uninterrupted triumph, and *Australia II* came back to win the next three by wide margins—and needed only one more to dismiss Victory '83.

Liberty vs. *Australia II*. Two good boats, or one good boat and one super boat? Stay tuned.

Courageous, whose favorite weather is 18 knots and up, emerged as a contender. With *Defender* at the light end of the wind scale and *Courageous* at the other, Liberty was, to her benefit, caught in the middle. She was pushed hard from both ends all summer and therefore was forced to broaden her area of performance. "Liberty's not an outstanding boat in any particular condition," says Marshall, "but she's a very broadly excellent boat. In September in Newport you have to be able to win in any condition, and if you have to pick a little edge, you've got to be good in a breeze. Finishing the series against *Courageous* in good strong breezes left no doubts, I think. If the last race had been won in a drifting

Connor took to a smaller craft for the soggy celebration of his victory in Newport Harbor.



**A**t Davis, the Los Angeles Raiders' managing general partner, used to call it the Summer of Discontent. He would survey the annual July-August madness—rookies who wouldn't sign, veterans who wouldn't report, walk-outs, holdouts, dropouts—and he'd say, "Wait. Just wait until the regular season starts. These things always sort themselves out."

Last Sunday, as he watched L.A. destroy the Cincinnati Bengals 20-10, he had to wonder. Not about his Raiders. Oh no, they came out of the box right smartly, putting together two long, tortuous drives on their first two possessions to take the starch out of Cincy before the game was midway into the second quarter. It was the team on the other side of the field, the Bengals, that led one to be-

lieve that the off-season malaise this year was deeper and more incise than summer discontents of the past.

Cincinnati sagged both offensively and defensively. It lacked muscle on defense. The Raiders converted five of six third-and-short situations, short being defined as three yards or less, and on the sixth, L.A. got the first down on the next play anyway. The Bengals' goal-line unit didn't hold when the Raiders got in close. Los Angeles junked its regular 3-4 defense and went to a 4-2-nickel on every down early in the game, and the Cincy offense looked confused. Rookie Center Dave Rimington could not cope with the

stunts L.A.'s defensive tackles were pulling. The Bengals made mistakes. In the first half they let the Raiders off the hook in long-yardage situations four times, three of them with penalties. They piled up more penalty yardage than L.A. did, something that happens very seldom in a Raider game.

"I thought we were ready to play," Bengal Coach Forrest Gregg said afterward. "I really thought the attitude was good going into the game, and for the most part we played hard but not well."

An air of defeatism hung over the Bengals, and it all came into focus in one brief episode near the end of the first

Wracked by problems off the field, the Bengals have big trouble on it, too, judging by their 20-10 loss to the Raiders **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

## In Cincy, The News Isn't Good



half. The Raiders were up 17-0. Cincy had put together a pretty good drive on its first possession only to have it evaporate when Matt Millen, L.A.'s massive inside linebacker, swooped in from Quarterback Ken Anderson's blind side to intercept a pass on the nine-yard line. Another Bengal mini-drive ended when Raider Linebacker Rod Martin strapp'd the ball away from Anderson on a scramble. The rest of the time, Cincy's offense had shown zilch.

Now the first half was winding down, bodies were starting to sag in the soggy Riverfront Stadium heat, and L.A. had a third-and-10 on Cincy's 45 with 1:30 left and the clock running. There was still time for the Bengals to get something on the board. They could call time-out, stop the clock and hope Los Angeles missed on third down. The Bengals needed an upper, and if they could get something before the half... It was a long shot, but what the hell, they were getting whipped anyway. Time was not called. The clock ran. Jim Plunkett's pass misfired and Ray Guy punted, but there were only 35 seconds left when the Bengals got the ball on their 20 and they ran off five futile plays, never crossing midfield. Cincinnati could have taken over with almost a minute and a half remaining, and when someone mentioned that to Gregg afterward, he looked at the guy as if he were crazy.

"I'm sorry, but I just don't recall what you're talking about," he said.

An assistant coach put it a little stronger. "We were down 17-0," he said. "Start fooling around and you might be down 24-0."

Such was the lack of confidence the Bengals, who took a Super Bowl trip in 1982, projected into the 1983 season. It wasn't good, and one wonders just how deeply all the off-season discontent and misfortune that came their way will be felt on the field—and for how long.

Ross Browner and Pete Johnson were suspended for four games because of drug involvement. Browner's replacement at defensive right end, second-year man Glen Collins, was a target. L.A. aimed most of its short-yardage stuff at



Allen pulled loose from the Bengals' defense to score the Raiders' two touchdowns.

him, including Marcus Allen's pair of one-yard TD runs. Collins' statistics for the day read no solo tackles, two assists. Johnson's place at fullback was taken by Charles Alexander, who moved over from halfback. Alexander was fairly effective catching swing passes—he had four for 35 yards—but the running game got nowhere, which wasn't really his fault. There was nowhere to run. The stunning Raider front four controlled the line of scrimmage. Only twice in their last 26 games have the Bengals rushed for less than the 58 yards they got Sunday.

Runnington's inability to handle the inside stunts—"We put in a lot of tackle-tackle games to take advantage of his inexperience," said L.A. Defensive End Howie Long, who switched to tackle in the four-man line—underscored the grumbling that was heard in Cincy when six-year veteran Center Blair Bush was traded to Seattle. The theory: When you're a playoff-caliber team, you don't

trade away a solid guy if his replacement isn't as good as he is. In other words, no on-the-job training.

No one's saying that Runnington won't be an effective NFL player someday, but on Sunday, deprived of the anchor in the middle, the Bengals' offensive line came apart. Raider Defensive End Lyle Alzado, who always had difficulty against All-Pro Tackle Anthony Munoz, got two sacks. "The first time I've ever had a decent game against him," Alzado said. Missed assignments left the feeling that a steady diet of 4-2-nickel was something the Bengals weren't ready for. "We'd been preparing for the 3-4," Left Guard Dave Lapham said. "We had to throw it all out."

In July, when Cincinnati's offensive coordinator, Lindy Infante, signed to coach Jacksonville in the USFL in '84, he was promptly fired—and sued—by the Bengals. Many players felt that the club should have kept Infante around for a

continued

Hendricks led a Raider defense that held Cincy without a TD until the final minute.

few weeks anyway, because it was his offense they'd be using.

"The players see things from a very narrow point of view," says Mike Brown, the Bengals' assistant general manager. "Part of his mind would have been here, part of it with his new employer. Do you really want someone like that on your staff?"

Nevertheless, there was no *Infante* in the press box Sunday to make adjustments in *Infante's* offense when the Raiders gave it fits. Anderson had a typically high percentage day, completing 26



Anderson had to take his helmet off to the Raider pass rush, which sacked him four times and left him battered and bruised.



it's the first time I ever lost my helmet on a sack."

There are 10 Cincy players who are in either the last year or the option year of their contracts. Tight End Dan Ross will be playing for the USFL Boston Breakers next year, and Wide Receiver Cris Collinsworth will jump to the Tampa Bay Bandits in '85. Every day new rumors circulate about which of the other Bengals will be joining Ross and Collinsworth in the new league. The names of former Bengals come back—Lemar Parrish, Bill Bergey, Coy Bacon, Charlie Joiner, the Pro Bowlers who were traded away from the Bengals after contract disputes. The feeling is that the old Paul Brown hard line on veterans' salaries is harder than ever. In a strange, rambling address at Friday's Meet Your Bengals Luncheon, the elder Brown, who is Cincinnati's general manager and part owner, did nothing to dispel that belief.

Brown's message was addressed more to the players on the dais than the fans in the rooms. Its essence was that there's a new collective bargaining agreement that sets salary standards and that's the way it's going to be. "We play by the rules, and we expect others to do so without hard feelings," he said. "So be in the spirit and play with a full heart."

Now it's difficult to translate all this into performance on the field. When Raider Linebacker Ted Hendricks stripped the ball away from rookie Running Back Stanley Wilson in the third quarter, ending Cincinnati's last hope of getting back in the game, was it because Bengal hearts weren't full enough? When Cincy Linebacker Reggie Williams com-

of 35 passes for 226 yards, but nothing much got done. It was dink stuff, gimmes, in a game that was decided early. He got sacked four times and hammered a lot after he had gotten the ball off, and afterward, his elbow skinned, his ribs sore and aching, he moved slowly and painfully in the locker room. "We had opportunities to attack; we made too many mistakes," he said. "The Millen interception? I just didn't see him. I thought we could get on top of them, but we just didn't work it out.

"You know," he added, pausing for a moment, "I think

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THE BENGALS continued

mitted a third down roughing-the-passer foul to launch the Raiders' first drive, which covered 84 yards, was it because his mind was on the higher salaries being paid around the league? Did the Bengals have trouble getting things going offensively because Infante wasn't there in the press box?

The Raiders haven't had such headaches. Buried by the promise of a \$34.6 million damages award in their suit against the NFL, they can afford to be generous. They've always been one of the higher paying teams anyway; Davis says that veterans who perform well for the

silver and black will have their contracts automatically upgraded after two years. This year he claims to have the highest payroll in the NFL—\$7.2 million, an average of \$138,500 for each of the 52 full-time players under contract.

The only shortcoming he could find in Sunday's game was that the traditional Raider trademark—the lightning strike down the field, the long pass—was missing. The success Plunkett enjoyed was the result of a dink attack that ate up the clock and wore out the Bengals in the oppressive heat. Plunkett aired the ball out deep eight times and got no completions. One was dropped by Wide Receiver Cliff Branch. Another was intercepted

Collins (far left), here blocked by Bruce Davis, was a downer in place of Browner.

by Left Cornerback Louis Breeden, whose 39-yard runback set up Cincy's third-quarter field goal. "Maybe I got impatient at times," said Plunkett, who had a low-percentage (14 for 29) and low-yardage (158) afternoon, "but after all, it's our style."

There were a lot of things to make Raider Coach Tom Flores happy. Charley Hannah, the converted tackle he got from Tampa Bay to take over at guard while Curt Marsh recovers from back surgery, had an outstanding day, spearheading the heavy left-side attack. Don Mosebar, the No. 1 draftee out of USC, who was a holdout, will help fortify the offensive line when he joins the roster next week. And after the game Davis was rhapsodizing about a trade he was making that would bring in New England Patriots Tight End Don Hasselbeck and Right Tackle Shelby Jordan for reserve Tight End Derrick Ramsey and a high '85 draft choice.

All summer long Flores and Davis have been ecstatic about the play of two rookie defensive linemen. Greg Townsend, the Raiders' fourth-round draft choice out of TCU, and second-round pick Bill Pickel, who might be the best Rutgers lineman since Paul Robeson. On Sunday, Townsend and Pickel showed why their bosses have been extolling them. Both were regulars on the four-man line and both were active and effective against one of the NFL's most solid offensive units. Pickel collected the Raiders' other two sacks. "It's making me feel young again, playing alongside these guys," the 34-year-old Alzado said. "Hey, they're for real. Our defense is going to be hell on wheels."

Well, maybe the Raiders are that good. And maybe the Bengal team that they beat on Sunday just had an off day and will settle down into something a lot more formidable. But then again, maybe the game was an omen, a hint of darker things to come for Cincinnati, a reminder that this summer's discontent was unlike the troubles of the past, that this time it might cast long shadows over the 1983 NFL season. **END**



Rimington (64) dropped the ball when it came time to handle the Raiders' stunts.

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One name can hardly be spoken without the other: Whitaker and Trammell, love and marriage, horse and carriage, ebony and ivory, together in perfect harmony, side by side... forget it—Trammaker.

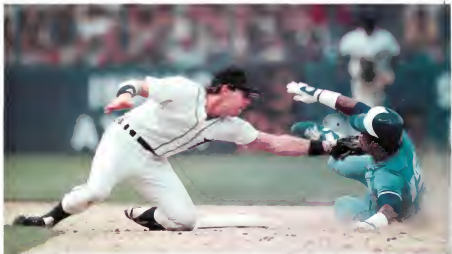
Alan Trammell and Lou Whitaker are the Detroit Tigers' double-play combination, one of the best, if not the best, in show. The scouting report on the two used

bat one-two in the lineup; Whitaker wears uniform No. 1 and Trammell No. 3 (No. 2 was retired for Charlie Gehringer); they have used the same agent; and they both have four years remaining on their multimillion-dollar contracts with the Tigers.

second in the same league. Together, Whitaker and Trammell have made just 21 errors this year, or 9 fewer than Second Baseman Steve Sax of the Dodgers.

Tiger fans love them both. Whitaker's first name is a constant cheer in Detroit, even after he catches a routine pop-up.

## Short To Second



Trammell tags out Toronto's Lloyd Moseby as he attempts to steal second base...

to be great field, fair hit. But this year they are among the American League's top six batters, Trammell at .327 and Whitaker at .316. Chances are they'll be the first members of an AL keystone combo to hit .300 since Chicago's Luke Appling (.301) and Cass Michaels (.308) in 1949. Great field, great hit.

Trammell has 14 home runs and 62 RBIs, Whitaker 11 and 60. Trammaker played in the minors together; they arrived in the majors precisely the same day; they roomed together for four years; their lockers adjoin; they're linked alphabetically on the Tiger roster; they usually

Whitaker bats left and Trammell right, but that only adds to the symmetry. There's also an age discrepancy: Whitaker is 26 and Trammell is 25. But they are the same age 11 weeks out of every year, and, anyway, they both still look as if they're eligible for the junior prom.

Trammell is the shortstop, and although he may not be as spectacular as the Cardinals' Ozzie Smith, he has won two Gold Gloves. Whitaker has never won a Gold Glove, but that's only because Frank White of Kansas City plays

When, on Hank Greenberg and Charlie Gehringer Day last June 12, Gehringer was introduced by Al Kaline as "the greatest second baseman in Tiger history," the crowd began to chant "Loooo, Loooo, Loooo." Says Gehringer, who is in the Hall of Fame, "That's all right, they never saw me play."

Trammell's following is not as loud, but he's always warmly greeted when he steps to the plate. On Aug. 12 against New York, when he hit the second of his two home runs to send the game into extra innings, Tiger Stadium shook to its ancient rafters. After the game, which



Detroit won 7-6. Whitaker said to Trammell, "You're awesome."

And Trammell replied, "But you've been awesome all season." Score the compliment 4-6-4. Trammell is a big reason Detroit is in second place in the AL East, four games behind Baltimore.

## To None

brother, three sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins. Lou knew his father only from what he heard, and what he heard wasn't very good.

Arlene Whitaker (her family eschews Marian) worked the night shift, 5 p.m. to midnight, at Stone's Drive-In to support

The Keystone Kids, Alan Trammell and Lou Whitaker, keep the Detroit Tigers purring in the AL East race  
by **STEVE WOLF**

often as three times a week, and English Field, a playground near his home. "I didn't have a care in the world on the baseball field," says Whitaker. His love for the game grew with his skills. "When I was 13, I made a throw from third base, and this man, who must have been a scout, said to me, 'Son, take care of that arm. People are going to be coming around to see you play pretty soon.'"

The scouts spotted Whitaker in his ju-



... and Whitaker gets Cliff Johnson of the Blue Jays as he tries to stretch a single.

Whitaker and Trammell do have different backgrounds—geographically, economically, culturally and athletically. Whitaker grew up poor in Martinsville, Va., a town of some 20,000 located at the bottom of the state and the economic scale. Trammell was raised in San Diego, and his family was moderately well-to-do. Whitaker was born in Brooklyn, but when he was a year old, his mother, Marian, pregnant with Louis Jr.'s sister Mauida, left Brooklyn to live with her family in Martinsville. They moved into a big house on Williams Street, which eventually held 16—mother, grandmother, one

her family, and young Louis waited up for her most nights. They had food on the table, but not much more. When Lou's legs grew crooked, the family couldn't afford orthopedic help, so his uncles twisted and turned them inward every day. "Somehow they began to straighten out," he told Tommy George of the *Detroit Free Press*. For a time he had to walk on his toes, and his friends called him Tappy-Toes.

On the positive side were the Charity Christian Church, which he attended as

nine year at Martinsville High. Wayne Blackburn of the Tigers filed this present report, dated Aug. 10, 1974, on Whitaker:

"WORD PICTURE—He is worth looking over next spring. Not very big. Seemed to have good baseball sense. Good arm, good hands, and range seemed okay. Bat seemed quick. But spray hitter. Got piece of ball. Had good curveball, when he went in to pitch. Had good spin, and some velocity. Attitude and aptitude was okay. Might end up at 2B or SS because of his size and not long hall hitter."

continued



Scouts have a scale, 20 to 80, by which they rate the potential of a player; 80 is a Babe Ruth with speed; 55 is a player who could start for a major league team; and 50 means a prospect who will be one of 25 players on a major league roster. Blackburn didn't get to see Whitaker in Lou's senior year because he was in a car accident on his way to Martinsville, so the Tigers had to rely on the Major League Scouting Bureau, which had two reports on Whitaker. One rated him a 50, the other a 55; the Tigers weren't sure how high to draft Whitaker.

The 55, though, came from Billy Jurgens, once a pretty fair infielder himself. Bill Lajoie, now a Tiger vice-president, was the club's scouting director at the time. "Even though none of our scouts saw Lou his senior year, I knew this—Billy Jurgens doesn't like anybody [as a player]. But he liked this kid, so we figured something must be there. Funny thing, Billy liked him almost as much as a pitcher, too. Lou had a major league curveball."

The Tigers picked Whitaker in the fifth round of the 1975 draft. They thought it would be easy to sign him because he wanted to play so badly, but Blackburn couldn't come to terms with him. Lajoie went down to try. "Lou didn't say, but I had an idea why he didn't want to go," Lajoie says. "I just said, 'Let's go and get you a sunscreen and some clothes.' I had \$500 with me when we went into the store, and \$3 when we came out. The way things have turned out with him, I'd say it was \$497 well spent."

Lajoie drove Whitaker to Bristol, Va., in the rookie Appalachian League, and on the way Lou said to him, "Mister Lajoie, don't worry about me. I was born to play." In one of his first games, Whitaker was put at shortstop; he made three errors. "He cried after the game," says Lajoie. "But the next day, Lou said, 'I'm fine, that's all over with.' That showed me strength of character."

At spring training in 1976, Whitaker made an immediate impression on Detroit General Manager Jim Campbell. Says Campbell, "He came up to me and said, 'Hi, Mister Campbell, I'm Louis

*continued*

Since coming to Detroit in 1977, Trammaker has stumbled only on rare occasions, such as on the bunt by Trammell.

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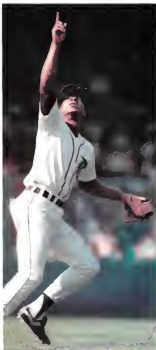
Whitaker and I'm going to be playing for you soon." I stammered and said something like, "I'm sure you will." Sent to Lakeland to play third base, Whitaker wound up hitting .297 and was named MVP of the Florida State League.

That same spring Trammell was winding up his career at Kearny High School, where he was a slightly bigger star on the basketball court than on the diamond. His father, Forrest, was an insurance salesman, and he remembers his childhood as a happy one, although his parents are now divorced. As a kid one of his favorite pastimes was sneaking into San Diego Stadium. His biggest thrill came the day he and a friend went down to the first row with their gloves and asked Bill Mazeroski (then a coach with the Pirates) if he wanted to throw with them. Mazeroski did. Trammell may be the first—and the only—major-leaguer to whom Clarence Gaston was a hero.

Trammell was the point guard on Kearny's successful basketball team, and he received several scholarship offers, but size was a deterrent. "The world is filled with six-foot point guards," says Trammell. Baseball scouts began to come around in Trammell's senior year to see him at shortstop, and at first they went away unimpressed. In March there were three reports, rating him from 44 to 48. In April Charlie Metro of the Scouting Bureau gave Trammell a 42.1, writing, "Bat and power lacking. . . . Poor knowledge and mechanics of hitting. . . . Good defensive prospect." But two days later, Pete Coscarart of the Bureau, a former major league infielder, gave Trammell a 55. "Both feet point out a la Yogi Berra," wrote Coscarart. "Doesn't seem to bother him. Reminds me of Marty Marion. . . . Has excellent hands w/strong arm. Bat is questionable but has a good swing which should improve with added WT. and strength. . . . Improving."

In May of '76, Trammell's ratings shot up as high as 58.6 (Larry Maxie of the Scouting Bureau on May 25). "Maybe it was because I was coming off of basketball," says Trammell. "I do remember I

was awfully hot at that time." Both Tiger scouts, Dick Wiencek and Rick Ferrell, liked him a lot, although Ferrell added this caveat: "He could be first-draft choice but down the line. Will develop into a fine def. SS—Ray Oyler type."



Loose is No. 1 in the scorecard and on the field.

Ray Oyler, who played four years with the Tigers, had a lifetime batting average of .175.

Trammell was the Tigers' second-round pick in June of 1976, and he turned down Arizona State and UCLA to sign for \$35,000. The Tigers' seventh-round pick that year was a Cal Poly junior infielder named Ozzie Smith. Detroit didn't sign Smith, but if they had,

Whitaker might still be a third baseman and Trammell and Smith the double-play combination.

Trammell succeeded Whitaker as the Bristol shortstop in '76 and made the All-Star team. Trammell and Whitaker met for the first time that fall in the Instructional League at St. Petersburg, G.M. Campbell had already made the decision that Whitaker be converted into a second baseman, and that he and Trammell be paired. Whitaker didn't like the move at first, but he complied.

"The very first day, we clicked," says Trammell. Eddie Brinkman, the former Washington and Detroit shortstop who now coaches for the White Sox, was an instructor that fall for the Tigers. "The first time I saw Trammell field a ground ball, I said to myself, 'My, my, we've got something here.' And Whitaker was such a natural athlete that he took to second base right away." Campbell promised them sports coats if they performed well in the Instructional League. Recalls Campbell, "At the end Lou asked me if they'd earned it, and I said they had, and the next morning we drove to a store and they went right to the rack where they had two suits already picked out. I had promised them a sports coat, remember, but I bought them the suits."

"It was Lou who talked him into the suits," says Trammell. "Three-piece suits. We both still have them."

In 1977 they roomed and played together at Montgomery in the Class AA Southern League. "We did everything together," says Whitaker. "We didn't have anybody else." Says Trammell, "We comforted each other a little. If one of us had a bad night, the other one wouldn't let it get him down.

We sort of used each other as crutches, and we became pretty close." Whitaker hit .280. Trammell batted .291, broke Reggie Jackson's league record for triples with 19 and was named league MVP. Brinkman, their manager, says, "They could've been co-MVPs that year."

On Sept. 8, the day after the Rebels beat Jacksonville to win the playoffs, Whitaker and Trammell flew to Detroit.


continued

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**—THE NEW YORK TIMES  
Tuesday, February 8, 1983**

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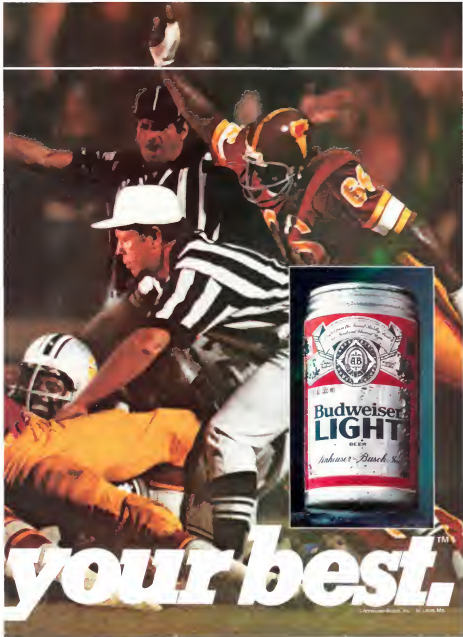
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They were going to the majors, which was fine with Whitaker, who didn't much like the bus trips in the minors. "I think I've still got some cramps from some of our trips. One of our pitchers, Sheldon Burnside, finally taught me how to sleep, stretched out on the luggage rack up top." Once in Tiger uniforms, they were interviewed by broadcaster George Kell. Whitaker said "hi" to all his friends in Virginia, even though the game was being telecast only in Detroit. Trammell finished the interview by yelling "Go, Rebels!" Manager Ralph Houk started the kids the next night in Boston in the second game of a doubleheader: Whitaker got three hits, Trammell two.

The next spring, coaches and writers cautioned the Tigers against rushing Whitaker and Trammell to the big leagues, but both performed so well that Houk had no choice. Before long, he was comparing them to his old Yankee double-play combo, Bobby Richardson and Tony Kubek. "It's the damndest thing," Houk said. "You tell one of them something and he says, 'We can do it.' Like they're a team." By the end of May, they were starters—for good.

"Ralph Houk had a lot to do with our making it," says Trammell. "He let us play through our mistakes, never put any pressure on us." Whitaker hit .285 and was named Rookie of the Year, while Trammell hit .268. Detroit was so taken with them that an editorial in the *Detroit Free Press* suggested they could be used as an allegory for the city—white and black working together.

Both of them had good seasons in '79—Whitaker hit .286, Trammell .276—but when their agent, Rick Brode, decided to take both their salaries to arbitration in '80, Detroit turned against them. Brode asked \$130,000 for each, and while they both won, one columnist wrote: "Their halos have slipped."

Whitaker caught a lot of flak in 1980. Pushed into the leadoff spot to replace Ron LeFlore, who had been the best man

at his wedding, Whitaker hit only .233. He said he wouldn't mind being traded. SWEET LOU TURNS SOUR became a tired headline. The "Loos" actually became "boos."

In August 1980 Trammell signed a seven-year, \$2.8 million contract. He hit .300 in '80, and .258 in each of the last two seasons. He also stopped rooming with Whitaker. Whitaker hit a soft .263 in '81, but last year showed surprising pop, batting .286 with 15 homers. Last November he signed a five-year, \$3 million contract.

Whitaker and Trammell have drifted apart socially, not out of enmity but to be with their families. Trammell married his high school sweetheart, Barbara Leverett, in February of '78, and Whitaker wed Crystal McCreary, a sometime model, after the '79 season.

Whitaker is shy—"I was taught not to talk unless I had something to say"—but once he gets going he can take a conversation on a wild ride, from second base to Martineville to a luggage rack to the batting cage to Boston. When he's sitting in a dugout his eyes take in everything, if he notices Marty Castillo taking grounders at third, he'll run to first to give Castillo somebody to throw to. Whitaker is a little more appreciative of the finer things in life than Trammell is, having never had them while growing up. Lou was once quoted as saying, "Sweetness is my weakness." Whitaker also likes to sleep, and he can do it anytime, anywhere.

Trammell is more outgoing and talkative, although he's not exactly colorful. He does have one fault: He's a klutz. "He is the world's worst eater," says First Baseman Enos Cabell. "You better sit on his left side or else he'll spill on you."



Trammell and his son Lance have a ball together.

Says Third Baseman Tom Brookens, "Alan has to Scoochard all his pants." Says Castillo, "His hands are like Mel Tillis' speech. Mel stutters when he talks, but he sings perfectly. If it's not a base-ball, Alan drops it."

The one knock against Whitaker and Trammell before this year was that they weren't aggressive enough—at bat, in the field or in the locker room. Cabell says, "I told Lou he should be more like George Brett—when George has two hits, he wants three, and when he has three, he wants four. Some players are hesitant to become stars, like they don't think it's their place." Batting Coach Gates Brown persuaded Trammell to close his stance and not take the first fast ball for a strike. Whitaker pulls the ball now; teams no longer play him to go the other way.

Says Whitaker, "They never thought we'd do much as hitters. I don't think anybody expected anything out of us except defense." Trammell nods and says, "We wanted to prove these people wrong. I don't think we're going to hit .240 anymore."

Whitaker nods; 4-6-4.

## THE COMBO THAT PLAYS TOGETHER HITS TOGETHER

Trammell and Whitaker are not only linked as a double-play combination but as hitters. Note the similarity in their lifetime stats:

	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	GW	BB	SO	SB	E	BA
TRAMMELL	824	2,798	414	783	123	22	42	298	33	308	319	82	91	.2798
WHITAKER	818	2,848	426	796	114	34	38	308	32	364	377	72	68	.2794

\*Since 1979

**D**wayne Murphy, captain of the Oakland A's, felt certain he could hold his own against a bunch of pitchers in "flap," a kind of full-contact hot-potato contest in which players use their gloves to slap a baseball at one another until one player errs and it drops in the ground. After all, Murphy, the American League's Gold Glove centerfielder for the past three years, ought to be able to excel in a defensive drill against guys who need practice fielding bunts. But these A's pitchers—six of the 10 on the Oakland staff before the Sept. 1 call-ups were rookies—aren't intimidated by veterans.

The Four Freshmen came to the rescue after the A's lost four of their starters—Mike Norris, Rick Langford and rookie Bill Krueger to injuries, and Matt Keough in a trade to the Yankees. At one point the rookie-dominated A's staff turned in a club-record 37 consecutive scoreless innings, with three straight shutouts in that stretch. The last time the A's had such a hat trick, the pitchers' names were Blue, Hunter and Holtzman.

After two sterling seasons under Man-

by Jaime Diaz

If Heilmueller (3-4, 3.93), Conroy (6-7, 3.53) and Atherton (2-1, 2.14) have all been impressive, then Codiroli has been nearly phenomenal. Through Sunday he had won five of his last six starts, and in one point he'd pitched 25 consecutive scoreless innings. Few pitchers have ever come as far.

After being the No. 1 draft choice of the Detroit Tigers in 1978, Codiroli was released in 1981 after suffering through three so-so years in the minors and three

Some of Professor Boros' favorite freshmen (left to right): Atherton, Codiroli, Warren, Conroy, Krueger, Heilmueller.



on or off the mound. Their pregame flips have snapped back as many heads on the A's as have their inside fastballs on American League foes. "Those guys are tough," Murphy said last week after taking his lumps from the rookie flippers. "I'm glad they pitch for us."

So are the rest of the A's. On Thursday night Chris Codiroli, a 25-year-old righthander one year removed from Tacoma of the Pacific Coast League, threw a three-hitter to beat the Yankees and an old San Jose American Legion rival, Dave Righetti, 2-0. Codiroli thus ran his record to 12-9 to join Baltimore's Mike Boddicker as the winningest rookie in the American League. Since July 15, when the A's were 38-50 and all but dead, Codiroli and three other newcomers—lefties Tim Conroy, 23, and Gorman Heilmueller, 27, and righthander Keith Atherton, 24—have blithely led Oakland on a 28-23 romp. In the AL West, only the White Sox have been hotter.

## They're all earning A's

*A classy class of rookie pitchers has raised Oakland's future hopes*

ager Billy Martin, including a division title in 1981, the A's finished fifth in '82 with a tarnished team ERA of 4.54, second worst in the league. So while the pitching was worrisome before this season began, no one, not even Martin's low-key replacement, Steve Boros, expected the farm system to supply a remedy when the regular staff collapsed.

But the rookies have done much more than fill uniforms. "In August, they just amazed me," says Pitching Coach Ron Schueler. "I didn't think we were as good as we are pitching right now."

muscle tears in his pitching arm. While rehabilitating, Codiroli became friendly with erstwhile Tiger Mark (The Bird) Fidrych, whose determination to return to the majors Codiroli admired. "I think a little bit of that rubbed off on me," Codiroli says.

He worked hard to strengthen his injured arm and was signed by the A's a few weeks after the Tigers let him go. Last year Codiroli was 6-1 with Double A West Haven (Conn.) and 10-3 with Triple A Tacoma before being called up in September. At 6' 1", 158 pounds, he is a whippet of a power pitcher who is now mastering a curveball and changeup. "The biggest thing I have learned this year is that I can pitch up here," he says. "I never really knew that before."

That confidence was tested in his 115-pitch gem against the Yankees. Holding a 2-0 lead with the bases loaded and two out in the eighth inning, Codiroli faced Dave Winfield. Codiroli never blinked.

continued



# THE WORLD'S MOST RELIABLE MEDAL DETECTOR.

53 gold medals were awarded at the World Track and Field Championships in Helsinki. 42 of them went to athletes wearing adidas, a remarkable 79%.

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When the world comes to win, in Helsinki in 1983, or Los Angeles in 1984, the winners come in adidas.

"I'd gotten him out with off-speed stuff early," Codioli said afterward. "But I figured if he was going to beat me, it would be against my best, so I challenged him with fastballs." Winfield grounded to short to end the threat.

Like the A's other rookie pitchers, Codioli's salary is right around the major league minimum of \$35,000. But from the look of his dowdy wardrobe, one might guess he earns half that much. Last year Martin offered to buy Codioli some new clothes after he showed up wearing what has been described as a short-sleeve leisure suit. Codioli is hardly the party type, taking seriously his responsibility to his wife, Marjorie, and their two young children. "I like to go home and not do anything," he says. Subdued living is also the style of Conroy, Atherton and Heimueller.

"They know this is a great opportunity," says Steve McCutty, the lone active holdover from Martin's starting staff, who's coming back from arm trouble. "The whole team is happy for them."

Schueler has stressed aggressiveness to his young charges—make sure the first pitch is a strike and don't be afraid to throw inside. But that hard line is softened by a patience that begins with Boros, who was hired to succeed Martin largely because of his low-pressure, professorial manner. "I want everybody to feel loose within a framework of learning," Boros says. "If someone doesn't succeed, we give them a pat on the back and talk about it."

That approach has been particularly successful with Conroy, the fastballer whom Charlie Finley brought to the big club directly out of high school in 1978. In his only two big league appearances that year, Conroy walked nine and allowed four earned runs in five innings. Five years in the minors followed. "It took me a long time to get my confidence back," he says, "but I've matured and I really like the coaching staff." Both Atherton, a fireballing reliever, and Heimueller, a screwballer, were summoned from Tacoma in July. "I'm having too much fun to feel any pressure," says Heimueller. Right-hander Mike Warren (1-3) also left Tacoma to rejoin the A's in mid-August.

"The toughest part is learning to succeed, and our young pitchers have done that," says Boros. "A pennant race would be fun. I just hope we get a chance to find out." Maybe next year, Steve.

## INSIDE PITCH

(Through September 4)  
by HERM WEISKOPF

If the Astros had won their first nine games of the season instead of losing them, they would have been atop the National League West last Sunday, seven games ahead of the Dodgers, to whom they dropped five decisions in the season's first two weeks. Houston's turnaround has been a complete one. The Astros' team batting average, .259 at week's end, is 12 points higher than in '82, when

"The most satisfying thing about staying up here so many years has been being able to outthink opposing scouts and pitchers from time to time," says Darrell Evans of the Giants, who has been in the majors 13 seasons. "There are never-ending changes in the battle between pitchers and hitters. If you're getting hits off a pitcher, he adjusts; if he's getting you out, you adjust."

they were tied for last with the Mets. The Houston defense has also been much better, largely because Shortstop Dickie Thon and Second Baseman Bill Doran have moved in as the regular double-play combination. And the pitching has been improved dramatically. Mike Scott, who got off to an 0-3 start, had through Sunday won eight of his last nine decisions. Vern Ruhle had been a winner seven times in a row. Mike Madden was 6-4 with a 2.96 ERA, and relievers Bill Dawley and Frank DiPino had teamed up for 29 saves and nine victories.

Credit must also go to General Manager Al Rosen's trades. Thon was picked up from the Angels in 1981 for Pitcher Ken Forsch. Madden and DiPino were acquired from Milwaukee last August for Pitcher Don Sutton. Houston this year got Dawley from Cincinnati for Catcher Alan Kneisley and Scott from the Mets for Danny Heep. One player Rosen wisely did not trade was Outfielder Terry Puhl, who had raised his average from .146 on May 9 to .314.

Why does Texas' Charlie Hough throw balls against a wall before most games instead of shagging fly balls, as most pitch-

ers do? Hough figures no long flies will be hit to the mound, but he'll have to contend with base runners, whom he loves to pick off. Which is what he practices while throwing those balls against the wall. According to Hough, he'd picked off only seven runners in his first 10 major league seasons. But he has nailed nine this year.

TV or not TV, that is the question. After an 11-inning, 5-4 loss to Minnesota, Detroit Manager Sparky Anderson and reporters watched a videotape of Umpire Durwood Merrill ruling Tom Brunansky of the Twins safe at second after advancing from first on a wild pitch. The tape clearly showed that Brunansky, who went on to score the decisive run, should have been called out. Merrill was involved in another controversial decision during the following day's 4-3 Tiger win over the Twins, ruling Minnesota's Kent Hrbek out at first on an inning-ending double play to nullify a run that would have tied the score. "Have Sparky show you replays of that call," Twins Manager Billy Gardner angrily told Merrill. "No



### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**CAL RIPKEN:** The Oriole shortstop Jagged four home runs and two doubles while hitting .424 (14 for 33), scoring 11 runs, driving in eight and tying two club records—two-base hits in one season (.38) and total bases in one game (13).

## BALL PARK FIGURES

Through Sunday these pitchers had the best and worst won-loss records since the All-Star break:

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

#### Best

Vern Riffe, Astros	7-0
Jesse Orosco, Mets	8-1
Phil Niekro, Braves	6-1

#### Worst

Bruce Sutter, Cardinals	1-6
Allee Hammaker, Giants	1-4
Rense Martin, Giants	1-4
Craig Swan, Mets	1-4

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

#### Best

Floyd Bannister, White Sox	10-1
Jack Morris, Tigers	10-1
Scott McGregor, Orioles	8-1

#### Worst

Danny Darwin, Rangers	0-5
Don Sutton, Brewers	1-8
Steve Renko, Royals	1-5

replays tonight," Anderson said. "I don't show replays when I haven't been wronged."

Manny Trillo's home run against the Padres last week was the first by a Montreal second baseman since June 8, 1982. . . . Through Sunday Philadelphia's Joe Morgan had 14 stolen bases in 15 tries this season. . . . During August the Expo bullpen was 0-4, with only five saves and a 5.40 ERA. . . . Although he didn't join the Mets until June 16, Walt Terrell has hit three home runs, the most by a pitcher in one season since Philadelphia's Ken Brett had four in 1973. . . . Just for kicks, anytime a runner barges into Pirate Catcher Tony Peña, the runner ought to be called a Peña Colider.

When Tim Raines of Montreal admitted in June of 1982 that he had a drug problem, Expos President John McHale said, "If there was anyone who we'd have said wouldn't have been affected by drugs, it would have been Tim Raines. He was the ideal baseball citizen. It was like it happened to one of my children. And I was determined we were not going to lose Tim Raines to drugs. Last year, I'd pick him up at noon or 12:30 once or twice a week and drive to a consultant who was helping him. Both of us were going to school on this matter." McHale also saw to it that Raines got further help at the Care Unit Hospital in Orange, Calif. And

McHale and Raines still meet periodically with Dr. Joseph Pusch, the hospital's director, when the Expos are playing in California.

"The main thing about his concern was that he was from the front office," Raines says of McHale. "He was willing to help and it was inspiring to me."

Although McHale is justifiably pleased with Raines's comeback—he's batting .290 and playing some of the best ball of his career—last week he went a step further. McHale attended a meeting in New York, where a committee was formed to deal with the players' drug and alcohol problems. Those named to the committee were McHale, Player Relations Committee President Lee MacPhail, A's owner Roy Eisenhardt and two representatives from the Players Association, Director Ken Moffett and Mark Belanger.

Greg Luzinski of the White Sox broke away from some distinguished company—Ted Williams and Jimmie Foxx—when he became the first player to slug three homers onto the Comiskey Park grandstand roof since it was added in 1926. Williams and Foxx each hit two shots there during his career; the Bull's drives there have all been this season. . . . Strange as it may seem, Baltimore's Mike Boddicker, who is 12-6 and has a 3.02 ERA, is eligible to be the American League rookie pitcher of the year. Boddicker had spent 122 days—spread over three seasons—on major league rosters before this year. The rule stipulates that a

## TRIVIA

What player batted behind the two greatest home run hitters in baseball history? Impossible, you say, because Henry Aaron and Babe Ruth played in different eras? Wrong. Davey Johnson hit behind both Henry Aaron and Sadaharu Oh.

rookie cannot have spent more than 45 days on a 25-man roster. . . . A six-game losing streak all but eliminated Kansas City from the pennant race. They finished the week with a win and two more losses to fall 12 games behind Chicago, the farthest the Royals have been back during the second half of a season since 1974. . . . The A's stole third base four times as many tries in three games with the Yankees.

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## A voracious appetite for goals

Near the opponents' net the Cosmos' Roberto Cabañas is a hungry Cheetah

by Jack Falla

The act was personal and vaguely sensual, as compulsive and unsophisticated as the man himself. Sitting alone in his cubicle in the visitors' dressing room in Washington, D.C.'s RFK Stadium, Paraguayan-born Forward Roberto Cabañas of the New York Cosmos picked up his right soccer shoe, slowly rubbed the leather between his thumb and forefinger, then raised the toe of the shoe to his mouth and kissed it.

"Every time I do this I get a goal," he said. Sure enough, that night he scored the second goal of a 2-1 Cosmos win over Team America. "I have much confidence in this. Much faith. Sometimes I kiss my shoes and I don't score a goal. But the majority of times it's certain."

If Cabañas is superstitious, he's also accurate—in his prophesies as well as his kicking. When the NASL season ended last weekend, the 22-year-old Cabañas had averaged nearly a goal per game en route to his first league scoring title. In 28 games he had scored 25 goals and 16 assists for 66 points (the NASL awards two points for a goal, one for an assist) to become one of only eight players ever to get

more than 60 points in an NASL season.

"But the real significance of Cabañas' emergence this season," says Cosmos Coach Julio Mazzet, "is that for the first time the American people may get to watch an international star blooming before them instead of seeing merely another great player who made his reputation abroad before coming here."



Cabañas kisses the shoe that kicked in the Goal of the Year.



Skimming the cream of world soccer aristocracy has been the rule for the Cosmos, and upon that rule the team has built a formidable reputation. It has won four of its five NASL championships largely by turning itself into a Versailles of international soccer princes: Pelé of Brazil arrived in 1975, Giorgio Chinaglia of Italy in 1976, Franz Beckenbauer of West Germany in 1977, Vlastislav Bogicevic of Yugoslavia in 1978 and Jo-

hann Neeskens and Wim Rysbergen of Holland in 1979.

Though Pelé had retired, the rest of the above-named glitterati were still with the Cosmos in May 1980 when the team gave a tryout to Cabañas, then a gangly 19-year-old who had first come to the attention of the soccer world while playing for Paraguay's National Youth Team. The Cosmos had already signed another of that club's players, Midfielder Julio César Romero, and were giving Cabañas a trial largely on the recommendation of Head Scout Miguel de Lima. "His goals didn't impress me as much as his quickness," says de Lima. "He was good in the air and he could use both feet."

After a brief tryout in New York, the Cosmos offered Cabañas a contract, though not for a minute did they think of him as a new Pelé. "Other teams were interested in me," says Cabañas. "But I decided on the Cosmos because I know only great players come here. I was not yet a great player. But I wanted to be one someday. I also wanted to play with Beckenbauer." If only Beckenbauer, or anybody else, had wanted to play with Cabañas. Many of the Cosmos players resented the reported \$800,000 transfer fee paid to his former team for Cabañas' contract. "They could have gotten three experienced players for what they paid for Cabañas," said Beckenbauer at the time. "Morale," said Chinaglia, "was gone to the dogs." "Bluntly, we resented him," says Ricky Davis.

Behind his back some of his new teammates referred to Cabañas cruelly as Monkey, as though he had come from the South American jungles. He actually grew up in Pilar, a city of 10,200, 115 miles south of his homeland's capital, Asunción. On the field Cabañas often drew his teammates' ire for holding the ball too long, shooting when he should have passed and dribbling only to show off his considerable ball skills. "I think Roberto tried to do too much because he felt he had to prove to us that he was worth all the money the team paid for him," says Beckenbauer. "At first it seemed he didn't want to learn from us."

By midsummer of his rookie year Ca-

continued

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bañas had worked his way into the starting lineup. And on Aug. 9 he scored the goal that beat Seattle 1-0 and led to the Cosmos' third consecutive NASL regular-season championship. In the playoffs he assisted on five goals as the Cosmos rolled to another title. By then the one-time Monkey had a new nickname, Cheetah, which his teammates called him to his face. "When Roberto gets the ball in the penalty area, it becomes a death zone," says Mazzei.

"All I ever wanted to do is play futbol," says Cabanas. In school I would draw futbol plays on my papers, and the teacher would throw me out of class. My parents would get mad, but I tell them, 'I'll be someday big in futbol and earn a lot of money and help my family.'"

True to his promise, on Aug. 26 Cabanas signed a new three-year Cosmos contract with a two-year option for an estimated \$200,000 per year. Much of the loot will go back to Paraguay to help support his four brothers and four sisters. But the money has come hard.

In 1981, his second season with the

Cosmos, Cabanas struck for 16 goals and nine assists in 23 games until a series of injuries cut him down. The following season he broke his right arm and missed two months. Still, he recovered in time to score seven goals in the last six games of the regular season and three more in the playoffs.

On July 17 of this year Cabanas showed the touch and flair that Mazzei predicts "may one day make him one of the world's great scorers." Two and a half minutes into the second half of a home game against Tulsa, Cabanas got what will surely be the NASL's Goal of the Year. With the Cosmos leading 1-0 and pressing the attack, Romero, on the left of the penalty area, crossed the ball to Angelo DiBernardo on the right. DiBernardo spotted Cabanas moving to a spot about five yards in front of the net. The death zone.

"I yelled to him in Spanish," says DiBernardo. "'Roberto, toma,' meaning Here it comes." But DiBernardo's high pass sailed over Cabanas' right shoulder. With his back to the goal and the ball al-

ready descending behind him, Cabanas leaped and positioned his body parallel with the ground like a free-falling parachutist. With his right heel he managed to flick the ball, sending it just over the hands of Goalkeeper Winston Dullow. "I could not see the ball go in. I only know I scored when I heard the crowd go crazy. Then I go crazy," Cabanas said.

Not surprisingly, Cabanas is now finding a new acceptance by his teammates. "They have confidence in me," he says. "Maybe, at first, they were a little jealous of the money I get. Now it is better, but sometimes I get too excited in the game . . . because I am different. Like John McEnroe. He is my favorite tennis player because I like how hard he plays. Someday I want to meet him. Even if he has not heard of me yet, it is all right."

"Another few seasons like this and the world will have heard of Roberto Cabanas," says Mazzei. "Sometimes a player has one great year and then *finito*. But if Roberto continues to work and not take his talent for granted, he will be unstoppable."

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**B**obby Jones must have been looking over Jay Sigel's shoulder last week, reading the short ones. Sigel, father of three daughters, dutiful provider and as close in amateur spirit to Jones as a man can get without having a putter named Calamity Jane, struck a solid blow for working stiffs by successfully defending his U.S. Amateur Championship crown on Sunday at the North Shore Country Club in Glenview, Ill., outside Chicago.

Sigel is an anomaly in the upper echelons of amateur golf, a stratum heavily populated by long, lean types in their early 20s who are just passing through the neighborhood on their way to the pro tour. He's 39 years old, slow and precise of movement, and by all definitions a working man, a highly successful insurance salesman back home in Berwyn, Pa.

Sigel became the eighth player in the 88-year history of the U.S. Amateur to achieve back-to-back victories, and the first since E. Harvie Ward Jr. did it in 1955-56. Ward, however, subsequently turned professional, something Sigel is not at all likely to do.

Sigel splits his non-working hours between his family and the course; he's an assistant coach of the Palominos, his 8-year-old daughter Amy's softball team in the Berwyn-Paoli Girls Little League. Sigel's golf swing is slow and deliberate, similar to Gene Littler's, and it served him well in the scheduled 36-hole match-



by Barry McDermott

on the match with a six-foot par putt on the 29th hole.

"You know he's not going to make mistakes," said Perry. "He's in total control. He's got 18 years on me. Maybe I should have had a handicap today."

Sigel capitalized on two key mistakes by his opponent. Perry had rallied with birdies on the 11th and 12th holes during the morning to go from 3-down to one-down, but at the 199-yard par-3 13th, he missed the green with a four-iron, took a bogey and lost to Sigel's par.

Then, on the 18th hole, Perry missed a four-foot par putt after Sigel had holed his from about twice that distance, and Perry went to lunch trailing by three holes. "I'm sure lunch was a little harder to digest after that," Sigel said.

In the afternoon, high winds made play more difficult, and this suited Sigel just fine. He's a straight hitter, while Perry never got comfortable with his driver and found himself in the rough, or worse, most of the way. And Sigel kept benefiting from his rock-steady putting. He three-putted only twice in his six match-play rounds—never on Sunday.

On the 23rd hole, after conceding Perry a two-foot putt for par, Sigel nailed a 25-footer for birdie to go 5-up. "I'm an oozer," was how Sigel described his putting. "I ooze the ball into the hole." Sigel is so stoic and composed on the course that he could convince you that golf really is an easy sport.

Match play, like life itself, can be unfair, and on Thursday, the opening day of head-to-head combat, its inequities resulted in the untimely departure of Nathaniel Crosby, the tournament celebrity and its 1981 champion, a 2 and 1 second-round victim of John Erickson of Palos Verdes Estates, Calif. Another name that went off the board prematurely was Jim Hallet, the 23-year-old pride of Bryant College and South Yarmouth, Mass., who made something of a run at the Masters title last spring. Hallet

## Two the old-fashioned way

Jay Sigel, a latter-day Bobby Jones, won his second straight U.S. Amateur

play final against 21-year-old Chris Perry, a senior at Ohio State. Perry lives in Edina, Minn., and he's the son of former major league pitcher Jim Perry and the nephew of Gaylord, Young Perry was all thumbs in Sunday's final as Sigel shot 3-under-par to win 8 and 7, the same margin by which he beat 22-year-old David Tolley in 1982. Sigel lost only three holes to Perry, not a single one of them during the afternoon when he broke things open by making three birdies and seven pars before closing



A bit of sand could not deter Sigel (above), but two sets of eyes weren't enough to straighten out Perry's game.

lost in the third round to John Inman of Greensboro, N.C., brother of tour player Joe Inman. (Jerry Haas, brother of pro Jay Haas, was another third-round loser.)

As the tournament progressed, some of the best golf was played by Clark Burroughs, a brash kid from Tom Watson's neighborhood (Overland Park, Kans.) who attends Jack Nicklaus' old school (Ohio State), where he plays No. 2 behind Perry. Burroughs is tall (6' 3") with a 30-inch waist and toothpick arms, but he led the 36-hole stroke-play qualifying on Tuesday and Wednesday with a 66-73-139 and then started knocking off opponents in match play. Upon meeting USGA Senior Executive Director Frank Hannigan, Burroughs blurted, "Always wanted to meet you, man. We got a guy named Hannigan back at the dorm and we nicknamed him Frank."

Both Sigel and Perry had rough trips to the finals. In his second-round match with George MacDonald of Virginia Beach, Va., Sigel was 3-down with four to play and wondering if he could make it back to the office by Friday. "I thought I

was watching my own funeral," he said. But he birdied 15, 16 and 17, then sank a 12-foot birdie putt on the first sudden-death hole. The next afternoon, in the quarterfinals against Roy Bunacalana from Franklin Park, Ill., Sigel once more needed a 19th-hole birdie putt to win. After a good night's rest, Sigel dispatched Burroughs 3 and 2 in the Saturday semifinals after his young opponent, obviously tight, went 2-down after two holes.

Perry also became familiar with sudden victory. He qualified for match play in a playoff, and three times his matches went to the 19th hole, including his semifinal victory over Cliff Pierce of Lawton, Okla. He won on the first extra hole when Pierce drove into the trees, smacked lumber with his second shot and found a bunker with his third. With his determined demeanor and occasional outbursts, Perry cast himself as the tournament's villain. "I'm a fierce competitor," he said. "I gave it 125 percent." He may have played like Nicklaus but his style was pure Woody Hayes. Perry yelled after good shots ("All Right!

Yeah!") and once, when a drive headed for trouble, he screamed, "Hit a spectator," hoping for a good rebound.

People often ask Perry why he didn't become a pitcher like his father, who came to North Shore on Sunday, or his uncle, who was with the Kansas City Royals in Texas. Chris gave up baseball in the ninth grade, perhaps because Uncle Gaylord would not teach him how to throw the spitter. "I asked him once and he almost broke my arm," says Chris.

Unfortunately for Perry, on Sunday he was never in the bull game. He hit drives into the woods. He put iron shots into bunkers. He lipped putts. With that sort of stuff, he had no chance against Sigel, who doesn't let leads get away.

The U.S. Amateur was good enough for Bobby Jones, and it's good enough for Jay Sigel. Someone mentioned to Sigel late Sunday afternoon that he could become the only man in history to win the Amateur three straight years. Sigel's eyes brightened.

"I'm going to go home and start practicing," he said.

END

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It was the most bizarre ending to a Cal game since, well, since Cal's last game—its celebrated defeat of Stanford on a last-second five-intercept kickoff return at the end of last season. This time, with 57 seconds left, Golden Bears Linebacker Ron Rivera tackled Texas A&M Running Back Jimmie Hawkins in the Aggie end zone to give Cal a safety and a 19-17 victory that seconds before had almost been allowed to slip away. With 1:20 to go and the score tied at 17-17, Bears Kicker Randy Pratt made a 22-yard field goal, but he was roughed on the play. Defying common wisdom, Cal Coach Joe Kapp elected to take the penalty—and the three points off the board—and go for the TD. On the next play, with the ball on the Aggie two-yard line, Quarterback Gale Gilbert fumbled the snap. A&M recovered, but two plays later Hawkins, sweeping to his right, was trapped by Rivera in the end zone. Said Kapp, "No question, Ron saved my butt."

Until the safety, the game's main attraction had been the debut of the Aggies' Twelfth Man kickoff squad, which, with the exception of the kicker, is composed of student volunteers rather than varsity players. The first time the unit lined up, Coach Jackie Sherrill called for an onside kick. The neophytes recovered—but before the ball had traveled the required 10 yards, so Cal took over on the A&M 46. In the Twelfth Man's next appearance, following a third-quarter

## Cal picks up right where it left off

*Another unlikely win by the Bears highlighted a week of high scoring*

ter field goal that made the score 17-3 in favor of the Bears, Ike Liles, a senior electrical engineering major, tackled Cal Returner Dwight Garner at the Bear 17. "There's no question that the Twelfth Man gave us a psychological lift," said Sherrill. "When they came out and stopped Cal short, it created a new atmosphere." The unit got two more opportunities, but Bear returners downed both kicks in the end zone.

Florida State beat East Carolina 47-46 on a five-yard touchdown pass from Kelly Lowrey to Tight End Tom Wheeler with 4:36 to play. The lead changed hands seven times as Seminole Tailback Greg Allen ran for 154 yards and Lowrey completed 28 of 35 passes for 322 yards and three TDs. For East Carolina, which lost 56-17 to Florida State in '82, 5' 6" Henry Williams scored on a 56-yard return of a punt—the only one of the game—and a 98-yard run with a kickoff.

by N. Brooks Clark

In Florida's 28-3 victory over Miami, the Gator defense forced seven Hurricane turnovers—three interceptions and four fumbles. Miami's offense, it turned out, was too predictable. "When they line up with split backs, you know they're going to cross and run the trap or draw," said Florida's All-America linebacker, Wilber Marshall. "And when they're in the I, they run blasts or sweeps." Said Safety Tony Lilly, "When Miami checks off, they throw a quick release to their tight end or to their backs. They kept doing it and we were ready."

In what figured to be one of the few tough games on North Carolina's squeezably soft schedule, the Tar Heels beat South Carolina 24-8. Duke was upset by Virginia 38-30 on a remarkable performance by Wingback Quentin Walker. He touched the ball only five times—catching scoring passes of 65 and 80 yards and running 58 yards on a reverse before rushing for four and 12 yards.

Operating under its new quarterback, John Cummings, Pitt didn't get a single first down in the first half against Tennessee. Cummings eventually connected with Flanker Dwight Collins for a 56-yard TD, and the Panthers won 13-3, but while running out the clock Cummings suffered a broken left collarbone and probably will be out at least four weeks. "We're in trouble," said Coach Foge Fazio. "We don't have a quarterback. I don't know what the hell to do."

In four notable mismatches, Clemson, in the first game of its two-year NCAA probation, rolled over Western Carolina 44-10; Boston College defeated Morgan State 45-12 in a chippy game in which one Morgan State player was ejected and Boston College Coach Jack Bicknell threatened to bench one of his Eagles for fighting; West Virginia routed Ohio 55-3 as Mountaineer Quarterback Jeff Hostetler completed 15 of 23 passes for 205 yards in less than three quarters; and Oregon State, winless in its last 27 Pac-10 games, lost 50-6 to Arizona.

END

The Lies-led Twelfth Man stopped Garner at his 17 on the only kickoff Cal returned.



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**The improvement is automatic.**

**T**he first time Harvey Martin threw a party, he was still Beautiful. That was back in '78, before that little ripple of bad luck when the IRS demanded a quarter of a million dollars in unpaid taxes and threatened to throw him in jail, and his nightclub and five restaurants collapsed and the 11 lawsuits were filed against him and he went nearly \$612,000 in debt and he declared bankruptcy and he was fired from his sportscasting job on Dallas' Channel 5 and lost his defensive captaincy of the Cowboys and his engagement to Sharon Bell was broken and he was accused in print of snorting cocaine.

Weren't you at that first party, when he had waitresses serving hors d'oeuvres and alcohol gurgling everywhere and so many people in the Jacuzzi and swimming pool that there was hardly room left for the water and so many cars outside that two streets and a couple of neighbors' lawns

*continued*

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# A Shining Knight No More

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*In days of old he was Beautiful Harvey Martin of the Dallas Cowboys, but now the party's over*  
by **Gary Smith**

*Martin's suit of armor was a popular conversative piece whenever friends showed up at his house, which was always.*





## Harvey Martin

continued



May of 1983, and Harvey Martin is throwing his first party since the universe chose his head to cave in on. No not throwing it—just a nice little underhand lob this time, only 60 people or so. It's a party for the people involved in the production of *Damn Yankees*, the play at Grumpy's Dinner Playhouse in Dallas, in which Martin is performing the role of Applegate, the Devil.

People are walking around his house in little gaping groups, like Japanese at Disney World. Some are watching a videotape of the old *Damn Yankees* movie on the four-foot living-room TV screen and some are watching it in Harvey's massive bedroom and some are running their fingers over his new brass chess set and some are admiring his statuette of *The Thinker* and some are oohing over the suit of armor in the garage and some are uahing over the waterfall cascading over the rocks from his Jacuzzi into his indoor pool and some are tapping their toes to the rhythm pumping from the waist-high stereo speakers and some are studying the 17 pictures of Martin in his bedroom and some are plunging their fists into the ice buckets of champagne and the plastic crater of fresh shrimp.



became porking lots and somebody began swiping knickknacks and Harvey's chess set for souvenirs and somebody else kicked open the front door to make a grand entrance and shattered the full-length mirror on the back of the door? God, it was so much easier being Beautiful buck then.

Now it is midnight on a Friday in early





Mostly, though, everybody is rooting for the six piranhas to eat the 25 goldfish.

The piranhas are assembled in a sulken squadron on the right side of the aquarium set into the stone wall in Martin's living room. The goldfish are in the opposite corner, working at inconspicuousness. Misty Rowe, the blonde dumpling who took time off from *Hee Haw* to star as Lola in *Damn Yankees*, watches the face-off and feels an analogy coming on. "The piranhas remind me of the Hollywood producers, and the goldfish on the other side are all us starlets," she says. "No wonder Harvey went bankrupt, feeding them all those goldfish. You know, I just can't imagine my Harvey, with that big grin of his and so gentle, having piranhas in his house."

In the hat of a Misty eyebash, a straying goldfish becomes a link in the food chain.

"Harvey?" she screams. "Don't let them do it now! HAR-VEE! Don't let them eat those poor goldfish when I'm here! HARRR-VEEEE! You promised!"

"Hey, that's life, Misty," Martin booms. "If I don't feed 'em, someone else will."

Martin hugs her and suddenly remembers something he needs to do in another room. He picks up a plate of strawberries and cheese and circulates to serve them. He empties ashtrays. He struggles to get *Damn Yankees* wired into his third TV, out on the pool deck. He pours champagne for guests. He kisses girls. He cannot stand still.

Guests keep trying to draw him into conversation. "You're a natural," declares Brian Baldinger, a backup offensive lineman on the Cowboys. "I saw Joe Namath act at Granny's and he was all right, but he was just up there being Joe Namath. You were acting, man."

Too Tall Jones stops him. "Harvey, you're a natural," he says. "You blew me away."

"I can't believe it," responds Harvey. "My first play in Dallas and it's a hit."

Too Tall is about to expound on the art

of Thespianism—having performed in *Different Strokes* himself just last year—when Harvey remembers he needs to go out back to turn on the Jacuzzi.

Two girls jump into the pool with their clothes on. Like a six-foot-five whisper, Martin disappears and returns with two women's swimsuits. "If they don't fit," he says, "I've got more."

"Harvey is a smart guy," says Too Tall admiringly.

Martin hurries off, swigs a shot and then goes in search of a dust cloth. On the four-foot screen the Devil is singing his big number, and everyone in the living room is begging Harvey to do it, too. He starts to mouth it while polishing an ashtray, but the picture cuts out. "They cut my scene!" he yelps, and then suddenly remembers he needs to go serve more barbecued beef.

"Harvey's always been a hyper kind of guy," says Too Tall. "but now you can't talk to him for more than three minutes before he's moving on."

continued

Martin was at his sackin' best in this playoff game against then Tampa Bay Quarterback Doug Williams, losing the tie from all sides.



## Harvey Martin

continued

Now Martin is outside, walking his sister, Mary, to her car, shocking her by kissing her for the first time since she can't remember when, happy that she came early because that meant there was one person there that he knew loved him. And now he's back in the house, draping behind curtains into the kitchen. He keeps moving that way until 5 a.m., when the last guests leave.

"You stand still, somebody might get close to you," he says. "I don't stand still much anymore."

"Ten minutes!" bellows the stage manager at Granny's. "Ten!"

"This is it," says Harvey Martin. "Last time: Last Applegate. Damn! Kinda sad."

He walks across the wooden floor backstage, making the planks groan like the deck of an old ship. He buries two Michelob's under the ice of the theater's salad bar, for later; this play is too important to him to guzzle them now.

"Great party the other night," someone shouts at Martin. "They'll be talking about it for a long time."

"Goooooood," booms Martin.

In his dressing room he ties a red scarf around his neck and puts on a pair of glasses and a red hat for his last performance of the month-long run. "Applegate is here!" he announces, rubbing his hands. "It's amazing. I put these things on and poof, I feel like I'm the Devil."

His laugh seems to come from the bottom of a wine cask, his head thrown back and his tongue hanging out over his lower teeth to make more room for the flow. The way his eyebrows hop over the top of his glasses and that grand-piano grin shines from under them, the way he stretches his words, exaggerating and overlapping them with inflection, and then rewards himself with that belly laugh from the barrel when he sees that he has you, surely, thinks the world, surely here swiggers six-foot-five inches of uncontainable happiness.

"Five minutes!" calls the stage manager. "Five!"

"I love this acting stuff," he says. "It's just like sex—the first time is best. Acting like the person I'm supposed to be has always been the easiest thing for me."

For Harvey Martin, acting like the Devil has been a one-month reprieve from hell. The day he got the role he walked outside the theater, thrust his arms to the clouds and shouted, "Thank God!" That was not acting. The offer had come just when he was certain the world had junked him in its rubbish heap of ruined celebrities. He was still reeling from the IRS battle and the humiliation of bankruptcy when the cocaine accusation hit the papers and suddenly, at age 32, the phone had stopped ringing and the TV and radio and personal-appearance requests had disappeared for Dallas' highest-profile Cowboy.

A man whose ballast was inside him might have been able to haul down the sails and sit out the stillness, but all of Harvey Martin's ballast was out there, with those who had rejected him.

"Three minutes. Three!"

And now, in two more hours, Damn Yankees would be finished, and in the wings stillness waits for him again.

"C'mon to Acapulco with me," he says. "I've been planning to go down there the day this play is over. Costs nothin'. Peso's still fallin' through the ground."

"I heard a few years ago they took a poll down there and voted me the most popular player, and so I just had to go down and find out. Know what? It's true. No whispering behind my back down there. It was just, 'There goes Harvey Martin.' I felt so refreshed."

The exaggerations of voice and grin go away. "I'm getting the hell out of this town," he says. "I need to go where I feel loved. This city is full of hypocrites. I spent half my life heading over backwards being nice to people, and then someone says I used cocaine and they turn their backs on me. One day this city will have to learn I'm a human being."

He thinks the dark cloud has passed on, but it has not. Two months after the play, 1983 training camp began and a whole new round of drug rumors circled him with the leaking of a story that federal agents were investigating the alleged use of cocaine by five Cowboys: Martin, Tony Hill, Tony Dorsett, Ron Springs and Larry Rethel. Martin's playing condition was questioned by Coach Tom Landry, and there were whispers that Martin might even be cut. He survived and played in the Dallas opener in Washington on Monday night, but it seems apparent that his life span in the arena is running short.

"Places!" calls the stage manager, and Harvey Martin jogs into the blackness of the theater, once more to play the person he's supposed to be.

Martin grew up with women—strong, caring, domineering women. They showered him with affection and sheltered him from the shock of the streets. He spent summers with his grandmother in

continued

For Martin, portraying Applegate, the Devil in *Damn Yankees*, was a welcome respite from hell.





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## Harvey Martin

Continued

Mabank, a small town an hour or so from Dallas, and he was day and night to her. "You are my baby, you are so pretty," she would tell her only grandson over and over. He spent the rest of the year in Dallas with his mother, who took him with her when she went to scrub the floors of the wealthy and stood up for him whenever he felt threatened.

The man of the house was seldom around in Harvey's early years, and then not at all. Harvey's sister, Mary, says she remembers one story about him: "He took Harvey to the barbershop once, then walked out and left him there."

Helen Martin got through each week by filling up on high-octane religion. Her son became president of the ushers and the youth department and the choir at Zion Hill Missionary Baptist Church. "We church'd that boy to death," his mother says.

Life was a very different proposition whenever Harvey was away from the house of God, his grandmother or Helen Martin. First there was the matter of his ears. "They used to be outstanding ears," says Mary, flapping her hands from her head. "They were out here saying 'Hi'! He had to grow into them."

Then there was his height. "All legs, just like me," says his mother. "Harvey hated his height. He'd kinda stoop down."

And then there was his jaw. The bottom half began to outgrow the upper half, and soon the underbite was so bad that Harvey could clench his teeth and slip a toothpick through the gap without scraping wood. That was kind of a neat trick until he found he couldn't eat pizza or apples, or talk without a lisp. One day at school he laughed, and a girl looked at him oddly and said, "Your teeth don't come together when you laugh." He began talking and laughing with a hand over his mouth.

With his ears growing east and west, his legs growing north and his jaw growing south, the other kids pointed and called him "Monkeybear." Who could blame Monkeybear for keeping his mouth shut during school and his front door shut after it? "I didn't have friends," he says. "I was always alone."

His sister, a year younger, was one of those children whom God kisses and gently blows from the womb. She was the prettiest girl in school—and the fighter of Harvey's battles. Once, as they walked to school, a boy smaller but older than Harvey kept taunting him. Harvey kept taking it and taking it until Mary began fighting the boy. "Harvey stood there the whole time just watching," recalls Mary. "I won, and then he told me I really did a good job. He was like a son to me, even though I was younger."

If there was a way to detour a problem instead of meeting it head on, Harvey would find it. He hated outdoor physical labor, so he got a job after school washing dishes at a department-store restaurant for \$40.25 a week, then paid \$5 of it to an old man to cut the grass for him. His boss at the restaurant would go around the kitchen asking each boy if he could work late, but when he came to Harvey he would say, "Harvey, I'll call your mother," and all the boys would laugh.

He attended eight different schools in Dallas, being switched several times because of integration. In the first two weeks of his sophomore year, he saw a schoolmate pull a man off a bus and beat him with a crutch, and he was challenged by another to fight after classes. He transferred to another school.

In his early grade-school years his mother married Sylvester Martin, a quiet man who had grown up on the streets. Sylvester lodged when he saw the way Helen shielded her son. When the couple argued over the boy's life of housework, homework and church work, Harvey screamed, "Stop it STOPPPPPIT!"

Sylvester spent all day driving trucks for the city and all evening driving Tifflerists on the golf course. Even if he was home at dinnertime, he rarely ate with the family. He was a provider, not a participant. He would give the kids money to buy a kite but would not go out with them to fly it. Helen Martin tried to fill all the gaps. "To us," says Mary, "my mother was the water, the food, the worker, the healer, the defender."

Still, a part of the boy yearned for a father's love, a father's affirmation. Whenever Sylvester came home with a golf trophy, Harvey seemed to come home soon afterward with some scrawny school trophy of his own. Then one day, at the beginning of Harvey's junior year in high school, Sylvester came home and complained, "All my buddies have sons playing football or some other sport. My boy's bigger than any of 'em, and he doesn't do nothin'."

Harvey just frowned.

Two weeks into preseason football practice he tried out, the last player to do so. He was handed the last helmet and pair of shoes. The shoes were a size too small and the helmet had an uncovered screw on the inside that drilled a hole in his forehead. He practiced for two days



Among Martin's problems this year was Lashley's charge that he reported to camp out of shape

with blood tracking down his nose and blisters breaking on his feet, and said nothing. Then he asked the coach if all football players lived that way.

New equipment was obtained, not because the big kid had talent, but because South Oak Cliff High had just integrated and no one wanted to ruffle its blacks. "We were actually trying to get rid of him," confides Norman Jett, at that time the school's line coach. "I told the team that Harvey looked like a dying calf in a hailstorm."

The coaches buried Martin in the depth chart at defensive tackle and waited. He hated football and wanted to quit every day, but something would not let him. "I must have had things inside me I don't know about," he says.

"We beat one team 77-7," says Jett. "He might have got in that game."

One day Harvey's sister saw him running punishment laps after practice. When he finished, he came over to the car they drove to and from school and slammed the steering wheel. "They said I didn't hit the blocking sled hard enough," he snapped. "Heck, I didn't wanna hit it. It hit me back!"

Jett figured Martin would not continue in football his senior year. The line coach took one last longing look up Martin's six feet and five inches and rolled a final grenade under the boy. "If you don't beat out Phillip Bangs for the starting job next year," said Jett, referring to a strapping Golden Gloves boxing champ a grade behind Martin. "I'll be the high-lingstock of the coaching staff."

Harvey, as usual, just frowned and said nothing. He had never heard the whisper of the challenge from within, but he was an all-day sucker for the challenge from outside.

"I began to play a role," he says. "I became a football player."

By the third game of his senior year Martin was a starter. By the end of the season he was the best lineman on a 12-1 team. Still, he was so skinny and so late-blooming that no college wasted on his signature. Jett called Boley Crawford, the offensive line coach at East Texas State in Commerce, and convinced him that he should offer Martin a scholarship.

At Commerce, a very small and very dry town about 60 miles northeast of Dallas, the sheltering of Harvey Martin continued. When he lived at home in the

summers, through his last year of college, he still honored his mother's 1 a.m. curfew. He didn't enter a nightclub until his rookie year in the NFL. His first two college seasons were undistinguished. "Harvey," remembers Dwight White, the ex-Pittsburgh Steeler defensive end who roomed with him, "was a thousand percent different than now. He was a big

it," he kept saying to himself "Dallas." He felt warm inside, and safe.

There were two places where Harvey Martin discovered he loved playing the role of a football player. The first was on the Texas Stadium field during his rookie year. Jogging into a game as a pass-rushing specialist, he heard applause. He looked around to make sure. Yes, they



In Martin's early NFL days, Stautner would stare at him in disgust and tell him to "get mean."

Baby Huey. He was so gentle, small guys used him as an ego-builder. Take his name, even—Harvey is not exactly a thundering name. Guys would push him around, and he felt so bad about himself it was easy to embarrass him. Everybody borrowed money off him. He was more or less a chump."

The shove, once more, came from outside. White got drafted after Martin's sophomore season and came back to campus flashing seven \$100 bills. Martin's eyes widened. "He got a glimpse of paradise," says White. "Money is a remarkable motivator."

His senior year, Martin became an NAIA All-America defensive end; he started practicing his autograph. In the spring of 1973 he was drafted in the third round by the Cowboys. "Can't believe

were cheering for him? I thought, 'Wow, ain't that somethin?'" he says.

The second was outside a movie theater, where he was waiting in a long line to see Young Frankenstein. The theater manager approached him and asked, "Are you Harvey Martin?" Martin nodded and suddenly found himself being whisked past everyone else into the theater. "I said, 'Daayaaa. This is worth being good.'"

Harvey would flip through the morning papers each Monday, hoping they had published his picture. When they finally did, he framed it.

He had paid a steep price for the rewards. His first few lines in the pros, Cowboy Defensive Line Coach Ernie Stautner often stared at Martin in disgust. "When things got tough he'd look

*continued*

## What's a Rusty Nail?



a) the thing that made Dr. Tetanus famous.



b) a rain of terror.



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drambuie and scotch over ice.

over at me for a way out." Stautner recalls. "I told him he had to stop trying to avoid every bump and bruise. I told him he had to get mean."

The little boy who had watched while his younger sister fought for him bit his bottom lip and nodded. If that was the kind of person it took for them to like you so you could like you, by God, Harvey Martin would be it!

One day in 1976 a Cowboy rookie offensive tackle, Greg McGuire, declared that Martin was not all that strong. The next day, the first time he faced McGuire in drills, Martin blasted out of his three-point stance. The heel of his hand cracked against the side of McGuire's helmet like a pistol shot. Eight minutes later the rookie regained consciousness.

On nights before road games, Martin's hotel roommate, Wide Receiver Drew Pearson, would watch *Saturday Night Live* while Martin would project game films of his opponent on the wall, slam the table and talk himself into the role. His physique became hard. His nickname became Too Mean. But his radio show became *The Beautiful Harvey Martin Show Beautiful*.

In 1977 the Cowboys drafted Tony Dorsett, and a thought occurred to Martin: All of America's eyes are upon us now. When the offense is on the sidelines, people will have to watch someone else. Why not Beautiful Harvey Martin?

He uncaged the kind of year that—with the subsequent changes concerning offensive holding—no defensive lineman may ever produce again. In a 14-game season he totaled 85 tackles and a league-leading 23 sacks, throwing his arms out and his head back over each felled body.

The Cowboys advanced to the Super Bowl, and all week before the game in New Orleans, Martin was telling the media, "I dream of security. Being black and growing up in America, let's face it: I have to move when I can, because when I'm not Harvey Martin, all-league, it could be tough. I think of Duane Thomas. When he was a star with the Cowboys, people bragged they knew him. Then he got caught with some grass and it was like he didn't exist."

The Cowboys beat Denver in that Super Bowl, and the finest feeling Harvey had ever known came when it was announced over the P.A. system that Har-

vey Martin and Randy White were co-MVPs of the game.

Now he had it all—The Seagram's Award as Defensive Player of the Year, a consensus All-Pro selection, the Super Bowl ring and MVP trophy, the Orange Crush commercial, the Mercedes-Benz and the Cadillac El Dorado, the requests for endorsements and personal appearances in Dallas, and a beautiful, intelligent, down-to-earth woman named Sharon Bell, who just happened to love him for none of those reasons.

But there was still the jaw. He was finally starting to let his friends and teammates see the humor he'd bottled up all those years, but sometimes he still heard jokes about the jaw in the locker room and felt the old pain. He had grown a beard to cover it, but he still did not feel beautiful.

Six weeks after the Super Bowl he lay down and let a doctor cut out an inch and a half of jaw, break and reset the bones, clamp braces on his teeth and wire them shut until everything healed. Waking up from the operation, his first thought was, "Now life's gonna be a breeze."

His only nourishment for two months came through a straw. His weight plummeted from 260 to 214. His off-season conditioning suffered and his coaches wondered about his priorities. He had a friend save him a seat in the back of movie theaters, and then she would rush out to his car to tell him the house lights were out, so no one would see him. He scooted back to the car the instant the credits flashed on the screen.

Two days after the wires came off, he was filming commercials to be shown on national television. He grinned in the mirror and rubbed his hands. Harvey, my boy, he said without a trace of a lisp, it is time to preteen!

He took his new ring and his new jaw to the nightclubs to see how much love a handsome young Dallas celebrity had coming his way. Sure, Sharon was a great lady, but funny thing about her, she didn't even come to see all his games and often as not hadn't even punched 1080 on her AM dial to hear *The Beautiful Harvey Martin Show*.

"I was a rude, inconsiderate bastard to Sharon," he says. "I lost all touch with reality."

Women loved him, giggling at his way with words and sensing the vulnerability just beneath the ever-ready grin. But one

question ate at him. It was the one the people in the bars asked after they had squeezed his hand and slapped his back. "Well, what are you gonna do when your football career's over, Harv?"

Without football, he told himself, Harvey Martin is nothing. He remembered the days of nothingness and began to invest frantically. "When you're a pro football player you can't take it slow," he says. "You might get hurt. You might get left out. Your name might be gone."

In '73 Martin had lost \$5,000 buying a piece of land that turned out to be at the bottom of Lake Ray Hubbard in Texas, and he had almost lost another 20 grand when a couple of sapphires that he was about to invest in, supposedly worth \$350,000, turned out to be paperweights. He had also lost \$10,000 on a nightclub named The Bulls, which burnt down, and in '76 he had invested in a barbecue restaurant named Smokey John's. But he had just been warming up. In '78 he opened a nightclub named Lucifer's and a restaurant named Recipes, both in Dallas; in '79 a restaurant in Irving named Smokey's Express; in '80 a block of renovated restaurants and office space in San Antonio and a second Smokey's Express in Dallas; and in '81 a second Smokey John's in Dallas and a restaurant named Rib Cage in El Paso. After all that, he bought three houses and several chunks of above-water real estate.

He would play the football player and the TV-commercial personality by day and The Beautiful Harvey Martin at night. There was no time to play the businessman. He would write a check and drop it in the mailbox on the way to his new \$32,000 Jaguar. Business closed for the day. Then it was off to an appearance and a quick \$1,000. Sometimes he would even do them for nothing. He'd spend all day with retarded children at the Special Olympics, refereeing their games and signing autographs tirelessly. He'd pick up babies and laugh when they wet him. He'd show up two hours late, say, "Had a flat on LBJ," then toss out a quip, laugh that wine-cask laugh and watch everyone warm to him. Harvey Martin was an irresistibly nice guy.

He reminded people of a lovable, overgrown kid. He liked to drink Kool-Aid and watch cartoons. His favorite character was Wile E. Coyote; he had a large stuffed Wile E. in his bedroom. Wile E.

he was the one who kept coming back, no matter how many times life left him in little pieces.

In June of '78 a friend picked Martin up at the airport and said the IRS had called while he was away. For the '77 tax year, Martin had filed only his personal return. His corporate return, which should have reported an income of approximately \$45,000 from Supertears, radio and commercial income and the Seagram's Award, had never been filed.

Martin says his accountant, who had all of Martin's earnings sent to him and who mailed Harvey the monthly statements on how it had been disbursed, admitted the oversight and took the blame. Martin immediately agreed to pay up. The IRS agent shook his head. The Government began to audit past returns and decided Martin actually owed more like \$250,000. He was read his rights and threatened with jail. Harvey's beautiful new jaw dropped.

The Cowboys' equipment managers began handing him messages when he walked out of meetings: Call Lucifer's. Call Smokey John's. Call Mercantile National Bank. He would walk on the practice field worrying about the broken heater at the nightclub or the waitress shortage at the restaurant. His loan payments lagged. His co-owners bickered. Harvey was never there enough to know what was going on.

Undercover agents stopped by Lucifer's to ask about alleged drug trafficking at the club. There were rumors of prostitution. Receipts were being changed; money kept vanishing from the cash register. Martin had opened the club with \$25,000 from his '78 Super Bowl check, giving a one-third interest to two friends—brothers—who put up a mere \$1,300. The \$25,000 was gone in the first three months, and he pumped in tens of thousands more. He was handed an invoice for janitorial equipment for \$12,000; the broom handle and the bucket must have been 24-carat gold.

Martin kept getting new bank loans. It was easy for a Cowboy, just smile and sign. Lucifer's went under after only six months when the Texas Alcohol Beverage Commission demanded its percentage on every drink sold and there was no cash left to pay. Among the two co-owner brothers and Martin's sister and a girl friend, who had also helped operate the club, there was a four-way sword

continued

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## Harvey Martin

continued



The piranhas in Martin's fish tank devoured some of their owner's expensive picnic (above).

fight with pointed fingers. Martin was the one left bleeding red.

Even without Lucifer's, hell blazed on. Every moment between Cowboy meetings his teammates would see Martin on the phone and shake their heads. He started being late for meetings, and they began to grumble. He remained the team sack leader or co-leader every year, but his totals dwindled—so 16 in '78, to 10 in '79, to 12 in '80, to 10 in '81. Landry named Randy White the new defensive captain.

Beautiful Harvey Martin felt ugly inside, but he tried to remain the grinning, drink-buying person he was supposed to be. He bought a full-length brown suede coat with a fur collar. At Christmas he would call a friend who sold jewelry and say, "Hey, man, need some presents." Harvey would spend a thousand bucks, and 10 or 11 sweet young things would be wearing gold around their necks on Christmas Day.

He lent money to relatives and friends and flat-out flunkies. He lent one friend his Mercedes and had to retrieve it with a tow truck. He let friends stay in his house and load his phone bill with long-distance calls. He bought expensive tropical fish on the advice of his fish salesman, who said the piranhas wouldn't eat them, and awoke to find hundred-dollar investments devoured.

Once, driving down Field Street in Dallas with a friend named Martin Marshall, Harvey suddenly jumbled on his brakes and jumped from his car, leaving it in the middle of the street. "A bag lady was going through a trash can," Marshall says. "Harvey handed her \$20 and said, 'Ma'am, please don't let me see you going through a trash can again.'"

Harvey trusted everyone. A woman claimed he was the father of her baby and he began paying child support. When she asked for more and threatened a paternity suit, blood tests proved Martin was not the father. He continued paying anyway. "Such a cute little kid," he said.

His phone number and house keys became common property. Girls called at 4 a.m. Calls to London were charged to his number from pay phones. Pearson stayed at his house for six months and left shaking his head. "I'd wake up and see people there who weren't there when I went to bed," he said.

Martin would find his clothes disturbed and could tell someone had gone through his drawers. His \$2,400 watch disappeared; he replaced it with a \$3,000 one. A girl friend bought him a \$1,750 gold bracelet with 37 diamonds spelling "Harvey" and asked him to co-sign on the loan when she couldn't get credit. Martin ended up paying \$1,450 of it.

The leeches kept coming, but Martin

was too hungry for their warmth to pluck them off. Being a native-son Cowboy had become a curse: The man who had spent his boyhood alone now kept hearing from wonderful old school pals.

Martin's stomach tightened, and the hair on the crown of his head began to fall out. He stopped sitting on couches, and wore hats so no one would see the bald spot and make fun. He couldn't sleep. Finally, he stopped leaving his house. If he couldn't grin and make jokes, he couldn't be seen, for he believed no one would like him if they saw another side. His mailbox became gorged with pink registered-mail slips and letters from banks screaming for loan payments. He had an unlisted phone put in so he could talk to his family. The IRS terror went on and on, and he paid \$25,000 in lawyers' fees to fight it off. At the height of his depression, he didn't phone his mother for a month. Some nights he sat alone and cried.

He began sitting on the pool deck, where the gurgle of the water falling over the rocks drowned the doorbell and the phone. And then even that shard of haunted peace was shattered. One evening as he sat at poolside he heard a crash. A girl he'd known had scaled his wooden fence, kicked in the Plexiglas in the back door and broken in.

Between the private and public life of Harvey Martin there no longer stood even a pane of glass.

In August of 1981 the horrific circus ride slowed for a moment and Martin saw his chance to jump off. Sharon Bell agreed to marry Martin and apply her Master of Public Administration degree to his devastated estate. They were to marry in the autumn—but Harvey hesitated. A piece of him still needed the Jaguar prowls down Dallas' bar-studded Greenville Avenue, and the 2 a.m. ego stroking from more than just one person's hand. He postponed the date until Valentine's Day of '82, and when that approached he again postponed it. "I just can't go through with it," he finally admitted to her, and the engagement ended.

"I didn't feel like a guy's supposed to feel when he gets married," he says. "I don't know what that feeling is, but I didn't feel it. And besides, I was in the middle of all my financial problems, and I never take my problems to anybody."

He couldn't guess that they would



only deepen. In early August 1982, the largest drug raid in Dallas history netted 35 suspects, and Cowboy Vice-President of Personnel Development Gil Brandt informed Martin that pictures had been found of him with Danny Stone, one of the key figures in an alleged multimillion-dollar cocaine ring, and a barber who had cut Martin's hair. Martin tried to shrug it off; shucks, thousands of people posed with good ol' Harv. But the papers screamed it, and the rumors swirled. As he stood outside the Dallas practice facility one day, signing autographs for little boys, a reporter asked Martin about the cocaine once more. Martin looked at the little boys and then at the reporter. He slammed his car door and roared away.

He tried to slam the door on all of it, the drug stories and the unpaid bank loans and the IRS, and just go back to playing football, but then the players' strike was called and the paychecks stopped. Harvey Martin was crushed. In December he filed for bankruptcy, listing

\$611,987 in debts, 145 creditors and 11 lawsuits filed against him or corporations including his name.

He came home one day during the strike, pushed the button in his Jaguar that raised the garage door, parked the car, then turned the knob on the door to his house. The door was locked. It seemed everyone in Dallas had a key to Martin's pad, except Martin. He pulled his right foot back and kicked and kicked and kicked, and then he walked through the splinters and shook.

Two weeks before the strike ended, Channel 5 took away Martin's sports-casting job. "People liked his work," says Sports Director Scott Murray. "But he was undependable. We'd have a camera crew waiting somewhere and he wouldn't show up, or we'd have a film editor on overtime waiting and he'd come three hours late. He was just such a nice guy and an easy touch that he'd allowed himself to get involved in too many other things."

At a post-strike game in Washington a

few fans celebrated Martin's bankruptcy by pelting him with pennies. As he dropped into his three-point stance on a Washington extra-point attempt, a Redskins lineman hissed, "Hey, Harvey, need a loan?"

On a play late in the game, an interception thrown by Joe Theismann, Martin landed a forearm fraught with frustration on the quarterback's face. Then he took what was left of his rage and vented it on Wide Receiver Art Monk's skull. The two catharses gave the bankrupt defensive end one more creditor. He owed Pete Rozelle a fine of \$1,500.

Still, Martin thought the storm had finally passed. He had shrugged off his debts through the miracle of Chapter 7, and his mother now controlled his finances with a cobra of a checkbook that snapped anytime Harvey's fingers came near. He registered eight sacks in the strike-shortened season, and many felt it was the best football he had played in three years.

In the week before the Cowboys' sec-

continued



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## Harvey Martin

continued

ond-round playoff game against Green Bay, Martin saw men gathered around his locker after practice, whispering. They were news reporters who wanted Martin's reaction to Stone's testimony in court that day that Martin's involvement was more serious than a few friendly snapshots. "He would go on in it [cocaine] with me," Stone had said. "[He] would say, 'Here's [some money], I want so-and-so.' ... I don't think he'd ever done it before [he knew me]. I think I talked him into taking a toot."

Martin was stunned. "Please believe me," he begged. "Somebody is trying to hurt me bad. I don't know why. My God, he lied on me. ..."

Harvey went home, and all the pain and all the anxiety of all the years came galloping back to him on the heels of this hot-breathing new hurt. He remembered Duane Thomas. His heart pounded. He couldn't sit still and feel this anymore. He called his mother and told her he was quitting football that day.

At midnight a rap on the front door awakened ex-Cowboy Tackle Rayfield Wright, who as a veteran had helped Martin in his early years. Wright, in his robe, opened the door. "Just looking at Harvey," Wright said later, "I got chill bumps all over me."

"I'm quitting, Cat," Martin said. "I'm sick of people accusing me of things I haven't done."

"Man," said Wright, "you gonna quit because of that?"

"I'm tired of fighting."

"Man, life is a fight. No matter how weak or tired you get, living is fighting."

Martin began to cry. "You know what I think it really was, beneath it all?" Wright said. "It was the shame he had brought to his mama."

At 2 a.m. Martin went home. A few minutes later a telephone ring awoke Tight End Billy Joe DuPree, and Martin thrashed through it again. He didn't sleep all night. In the morning he didn't report to work. His sister dialed, and after 20 rings he answered, telling her he was going to drive to his late grandmother's old house in Mabank.

"He wanted to escape back to his old haven," Mary says. "I lit into him. I told him I was going to leave my kids and sit on his front step until he went to practice. I told him if he quit, he was admitting guilt. He said, 'I still don't know,' and I yelled, 'Then you're guilty!' He started screaming, and then he started apologizing, and I said, 'There you go again, apologizing to everybody for showing your real feelings.'"

His mother called. "You're not gonna quit," she ordered. "That's just what some honkie wants you to do."

Finally, Martin trudged to his car and went to practice. But the story ran for days, and his two remaining playoff performances were dismal. The Dallas police chief announced he would not pursue the allegations against Martin, but Harvey's friends stopped calling, fearing his phone was bugged, and the reaction of many of his teammates and coaches stayed with him. "I went through it all alone," he says. "No one called me aside to say, 'It's O.K., we understand.' That's O.K., but I'll remember it. Randy White—I love him, and he's a great player—is the only one who gets a pat on the back on this team."

"And it was all because some defense attorney wanted to take attention off his client. I, Harvey Martin proper, never did a damn thing. How much can one man take?"

"Hey," says Pearson when asked about Martin's feeling that his teammates didn't support him, "when you're talking drugs, it's stay as far away as possible. Guys have to do that just to protect themselves."

When the playoffs ended, Martin would sometimes sit for hours in a friend's office, not wanting to be alone. Finally, he stomped into the office of his agent, Sarah Norton, and demanded to know why she no longer arranged any appearances or commercials for him. "You know what I'm fighting," she told him.

"It scared me," she admitted later. "He seemed desperate."

He returned to his house and watched the piranhas pursue the goldfish when they were hungry and ignore them the moment they were full. And he tried to understand what was happening to him. But the only thing he felt was the ache to live in the fishbowl once again.

Three months after the season he checked into the Hazelden Foundation, a center for drug and alcohol rehabilitation just outside Minneapolis. He stayed for a week. "We sent him there to evaluate the program for us," Landry claimed, "not to dry out. I don't feel he's involved [with drugs] right now."

The media and his teammates were quick to express skepticism. His mother became angry. "The best thing to come out of it all for that child," she said, "is that they are teaching him how to hate."

continued



More and more, Martin looks to his family for support: (from his left) Helen, Mary and Sylvester.



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## “ASK ME.”



# Harvey Martin

continued

It is just past noon on the day after *Damn Yankees* has closed, and Harvey Martin finally appears from his bedroom, exhaling away the night in yawn after yawn. He greets the woman in the living room, whom the maids let in at 10:30, and walks back toward his bedroom. She follows him to the bedroom door, finds herself confronting another guest and pulls the harshest U-turn you will ever see a woman in high heels make. She leaves the house, and Martin comes out cringing. He is wearing a

love me. I don't trust anyone else now. Suddenly you find out you only have your mother. And it'll stay this way until I get married, until I find the protection of a woman. Through all the hard times, all I've ever had to trust were women.

"Life used to be fun. It's not fun anymore. I'm more cautious. More afraid. I don't go to the meat-market bars. I stay to myself because I can't be ugly to people. I tried to make everyone like me, but there are people who don't like God. I

bring you down if you're a celebrity, and if you happen to be black, too—oh, wow?"

He swallows a third of his beer and repeats three times, "This is the South, man. This is the South. This is the South! With a white guy it wouldn't be the same. I'm sorry—no! They found a vat of white powder on a white guy on the team [Cowboy reserve Defensive Tackle Don Smerek] and nothing happened. If it'd been me, there'd have been a trial.

"Being a Cowboy is sugar-coated. But look at what happens when you retire. Who do you see on the commercials on national TV—the Walt Garrisons, the Bob Lillies, the Roger Staubachs, the Don Merediths. You ever see a black Cowboy? You ever see Calvin Hill or Bob Hayes or Cornell Green or Don Perkins or Rayfield Wright? They had great careers but somehow they didn't leave in good graces. It frightens me."

His friends say Harvey has become harder to get close to. He has given his Mercedes-Benz to his family because he doesn't want to risk leaving a second car in front of his house, where someone might plant drugs in it. He has changed his phone number and his door locks, and he swears he has begun the struggle to change his source of self-esteem.

His beauty is his resilience. "I'll be back," he says. "I'll be a leader on this team again." He leaves Biff's with the hostess' number and gets into his 12-cylinder Jaguar, which gets eight miles a gallon if he drives it right. The sun slices through for the first time all day, and he begs the lady driving in front of him to turn right on red—"Please turn, honey, please turn"—and she does and he boos. "All right! Ha-ha-ha!" and a blonde in a Corvette pulls alongside and he shouts, "Daayam!" and a song he loves comes on the radio and he cranks the volume and snaps his meaty fingers and croaks it out.

"Maybe we can try again! Tryyy! Tryyyyyyy! Maybe we can try again!"

He pulls into the garage, complaining because he says he has seen 10 other Jags on the road that day and walks back outside to feel the putting-green perfection of his newly mowed lawn. "Damn, that's nice," he says. "Gotta be that way, you know. This is Harvey Martin's."

*Beautiful Harvey Martin's?*

"Yeah," he says, grinning. "Beautiful Harvey Martin's."

END



Despite his troubles, Martin is still *Beautiful Harvey* to friends in Dallas hangouts like Biff's.

shiny silver jacket with HARVEY stitched in blue across the breast. He drops off his other guest at a shopping mall and heads for Biff's, a bar-restaurant in Ninth Dallas. As he walks in, Biff's father invites him to his table and a man selling home security systems hands him his card and Martin waves to everyone and finds an empty table and kisses the waitress, who whispers that a girl has called to say she left her pocketbook in his backseat. The hostess comes up to say someone wants him on the phone, and Harvey smiles like Smokey Whitplash and walks off with his arm around her shoulders.

He returns and talks about how he has become a loner. "I'm very lonely now," he says, "but I feel safer living this way. I'm drawing closer to the ones I know

realize now that every time my picture comes on TV there are people saying, 'I'm crazy about Harvey Martin' and people saying, 'I hate that sonuvabitch.' It's a cruel lesson. I can't wait for life to get back to the way it used to be, before anyone knew Harvey Martin."

The scowl of the man he is not supposed to be hangs like a dark wrinkled curtain over his face. "The fun's out of being a football player, too," he says. "Ever since Don Reese did that article on cocaine [SL, June 14, 1982], it's like there's an all-out effort to catch us at something. The public and the media don't understand what they're doing to the people living this life. You can't go out and drink three beers or meet a new girl. Now people feel like they have to

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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 28-Sept. 4

Compiled by LISA THYMAN

**BOXING**—DONALD CURRY (retired) by WBA welterweight title by beating Roger Stafford with a TKO at 1:42 of the first round in Manila, Seyou.

**CYCLING**—At the world championships in Grenchen, Switzerland, GÖRGE LEMOND won the professional men's division, finishing at 7:06:21, 1:11 ahead of Adri van der Poel over 160 miles.

**FOOTBALL**—Blome was where the heart is, and it was also where 11 of 13 teams lost in the first week of the NFL's 16th season. Only the Dallas Cowboys and Kansas City won at home. In beating St. Louis 28-17, the Saints won a season opener for the first time in 12 years. George Rogers had a "Sevens" touchdown sprint for New Orleans. K.C.'s Steve Livers made a 19-yard field goal late in the fourth quarter to give the Cowboys a 17-13 win over Seattle. San Francisco led the list of home-team failures in frustration, losing to Philadelphia 22-17 after three quarters. Quarterback Gary Bertoni hit Dwight Clark in the end zone with 11 seconds on the clock and then had the play nullified when Gerald Davis Cato was called for holding. Bertoni had stepped in for Joe Montana, who suffered a mild concussion in the third quarter. Philly Quarterback Ron Jaworski also left the game after three brutal sacks and was replaced by Joe Paschall, who went 8 for 10. Pittsburgh couldn't handle Denver's tenacious linebacker, either. Steve Dillingham had the ill-fated 14, 18 and 38-yard passes. John Elway left in the third quarter with a head injury. The Colts suffered only one of eight punts and had an interception before being set to the bench. The Jets' Freeman McNeil ran for six Dingo yardage in the 16 yards and eight punts. The 40-20 win over the Chargers. In Houston, Clayton Kopp's Lynn Dickey had five TD throws in the Patriots beat the Colts 49-18. Ed McCaffrey kicked three goals in the 10-0 win over 11-Division over Tampa Bay, and Miami's Dave Schwanham put four through the air in his 16-0 Buffalo 12-10. Barry Odoms, a 16-0 win over the Redskins, passed for 279 yards in a 16-0 win over the Redskins. Rufus Blass' interception in Minnesota's 31-yard loss with 12 seconds to play sealed the Vikings' 17-10 win over Cleveland, while Atlanta's Reggie Burrows threw two TD passes as the Falcons beat the Jets 20-17. Cincinnati left to the L.A. Raiders 26-10 (page 26).

**GOLF**—PAT LINDSEY fired a 16-under-par 268 to beat Gil Morgan by four strokes and won the \$300,000 R.C. Open in Endicott, N.Y.

**JAY SIGEL** defended his U.S. Amateur title by beating Chris Perry 4 and 3 in Glendora, Ill., slowing the first back-to-back victory since 1955 (page 40).

**HARVESTING**—POWER MAX \$11,900, a 125-lb. wing shot down by George Shelby, after Hawthorn winner Duenna in the \$380,000 World Tugboat Derby at the Dockyard State Fairgrounds. The 19-year-old won two of three heats and had a best time for the mile of 1:56.1.

**HORSE RACING**—NEW O GIGLI \$100, Angel Smelter, got pinned out. Covered Rates, Metrol to win the \$251,000 Woodbine Stakes at Belmont Park. The 5-year-old colt ran the 1 1/4 miles in 1:46.5.

**ROWING**—At the world championships in Duisburg, West Germany, LARRY GRIMANX took four of six women's events, including the single sculls, won by JILLIE HAMPEL. The U.S. rowers won the other two women's events, including the lighted eight race for the men's events. NEW ZEALAND won the eight race for the second straight year. PETER-MICHAEL KOLB of West Germany was the victor in the single sculls.

**SAILING**—LARRY RYF, skippered by Dennis Conner, was chosen by the New York Yacht Club to represent the United States in the America's Cup. Conner is to defend the America's Cup (page 25).

**SOCCER**—NANI, The Cosmos, needed its last five points at home to clinch its sixth consecutive (overall) points mile. In second up with nine minutes left to live in the first half, and then settled in

for a 6-1 win. Roberto Calabrese, the league's top scorer with 25 goals, scored two of the six goals (page 44). Except for Gonter Hubert Bittermann and Defender Edmund Kapp, every player in the league got a goal or an assist. "Now the U.S. is over-ruled Forward Steve Meyers. Early Montiel, which will face the Cosmos in this week's third-round playoffs, it clinched a berth in the season series by beating Chicago 4-0. This was the game that almost wasn't, because Marine General Managers Jacques Bessile threatened to boycott it in protest of a league decision to award the victory to their Aug. 26 Montreal-Chicago match to the Stars. In that game the Marine refused to play the second half because of what Coach Andy Lynch felt was poor officiating. Wednesday, Bessile changed his mind and decided to play last week's game, which turned out to be a win move. Golden Bay beat Seattle 2-0 and will meet the Stars in a best-of-three series. Southern Division rival Tulsa will play Fort Lauderdale, and Western champ Vancouver will encounter Toronto

**TRACK & FIELD**—EDWIN MOSES lowered his world 400-meter hurdles mark by .11 of a second, to 47.02, in Koblenz, West Germany (page 28).

In Rome, Italy, STEVE OVERT reclaimed the world record in the 500 meters that he had lost on Aug. 28 in Sydney, Maine. Overt's time of 3:07.7 surpassed Mark's mark by .47.

In Rome, THOMAS VIGNERON cleared 6'9.15" to set a world pole vault record, breaking Pierre Quinon's five-day-old mark by a half-inch and 1.05 SEBASTIAN broke his U.S. mark in the high jump by jumping 6'6.25" with a leap of 6'.

**MISCELLANEOUS**—NAME: A coach of the NFL, Steve McNair, was recently coached at Georgia Tech (1974-79). Hevordinger record was 73-65-1 over 13 seasons.

**SETTLED**—Out of court for a reported \$400,000, a suit filed in 1980 against the Bay Ten by New Orleans referee Quarterback DALE WILSON, 24, is assured that the conference had insured his value as a pro football player by denying him an extra year of eligibility when he played at Illinois. In 1977, Wilson, then a college player, had been named one of the season's best players. He contended that the year should not have counted against his four seasons of eligibility, but the Bay Ten ruled that it did.

**SUSPENDED**—At least until his Oct. 7 sentencing by NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, Washington Redskins stringer TONY TAYLOR, 30, after he pleaded guilty to one count of conspiring to sell uniforms.

**TRADED**—By the Cleveland Indians, Patcher LEN BARKER, 28, to the Atlanta Braves for Patcher RICK BURNETT, 25, and two additional players to be named later.

**DIED**—KIRO BUNJES, 23, of massive cerebral aneurysms, sustained in a WBC, bantam-weight title fight against Adriano Panico in Los Angeles. Bunjes was knocked out in the 12th round at The Forum and was rushed to an L.A. hospital. Doctors removed a blood clot and portions of his brain the following day. He died two days later, never having regained consciousness. Doctors won the title that had been vacated by Lope Reyes, who had failed to make a title defense in one year.

**Motorcycle racing**—MARK JONES, 24, and RICHIE MILE, 27, of motorcyclists, crashed in a collision while practicing for a race in Brainerd. Mark Jones was driving off the track for the 1st in the Intercontinental Raceways when he was hit from behind by Blumbe who was traveling at 140 mph.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**JOHN ANDERSON**  
BIRMINGHAM

Anderson, 80, a retired nursery store consultant, set his 12th state masters age-group record when he swam the 1,500-meter freestyle in 39:22.6. Anderson holds the long-course world record in his age group for all four strokes.



**CANDY PUTNAM**  
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Candy 16, turned in a time of 1:11.46 in the 100-meter backstroke to qualify for the Junior National Olympics. At one meet this year she set five state records—in the 50-, 100- and 200-meter freestyle and the 100- and 200-yard backstroke.



**DAVE HARRINGTON**  
CHICAGO, ILL.

Harrington, 37, was the outstanding athlete at the 28th Annual Highland Games and Gathering of Scottish clans at North Carolina. He won six of the events, setting a game record for height 14'4" in the 56-pound weight toss.



**JAKE BROWN**  
LONDON, ENGL.

Jake 14, won the 100 meters in 1:11.46, the 200 (23.1) and the long jump with a leap of 19'5.5", in a junior meet sponsored by The Athletic Congress of Southern California. He also won the same three events at the Sierra Barbara County meet.



**SGT JERRY ANDREWS** and **SGT ANN MARR OYE**  
WASH. D.C.

Andrews, a 20-year Air Force veteran who is a recruiting supervisor for north central Texas, and Oye, 21, who is a medical administrative specialist at Hickam Air Force Base in Hawaii, led the Air Force bowling team to a 97% victory over the Army in the Inter-Service Championships at McCord Air Force Base in Tacoma, Wash. Andrews was the outstanding male bowler with a 218.5 average for 18 games, while Oye topped the women with a 189.3 average.

CREDITS	
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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

# THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

### COURAGE

Sir:

Your Aug. 29 issue, particularly the articles on Darryl Stingley learning how to live a new life (*Where Am I? It Has to Be a Bad Dream*), Henry Muth running with pain (*Above and Beyond the Call of Duty*) and Kevin Saucier happily choosing sanity and a loving marriage over the glamour and insanity of a career in baseball (*Picking Up the Pieces*), spoke to the true meaning of sports in a way that few other issues or magazines have. We have a lot to learn from athletes like these, because they inspire us. Thank you for some thoughtful and sensitive writing.

BRAD SACHS  
Columbia, Md.

Sir:

Just seconds ago I finished reading the highly emotional article by Darryl Stingley with Mark Mulvey. Stingley is a tremendously courageous young man. At a time when the image of the professional athlete is being tarnished by drugs, arrests, etc., Stingley is a true hero. As a medical technologist, I come into contact with patients every day. We technologists know that we may annoy patients at times, but we also realize that those people are suffering and might not be acting the way they would like to. Stingley is not, as he said, a "jerk"; he is a shining example to everyone. I wish him good luck.

SAL SCIMECA  
Astoria, N.Y.

Sir:

The story of Darryl Stingley is moving—I was teary-eyed the whole time I read it—and the writing is top quality. Stingley and Mark Mulvey are to be congratulated. My admiration for John Madden skyrocketed. As for Jack Tatum, no comment.

TAL H. MANGUM  
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

Some years ago I attended a meeting at the University of Oklahoma at which an NFL lineman (whose name I don't recall) appeared as a guest speaker. During the question-and-answer period, I asked if indeed NFL players tried to intentionally injure opponents to the point of causing them to have to leave the game. After the laughter and chuckles subsided, the speaker mockingly replied, "No, we try to pick them up and set them down as gently as possible." I'll never forget his words or his attitude.

Darryl Stingley's story is a sad commentary not only on Jack Tatum but also on the techniques and attitudes being developed and

taught in professional football. Good luck to Stingley and to pro ball; I'm not sure which one needs it more.

JAMES W. THOMPSON  
Miami, Okla.

Sir:

Shots by players like Jack Tatum are uncalled for and should be banned. What really upset me was that Tatum didn't go to the hospital to say he was sorry. God bless Darryl. I wish him the greatest possible recovery.

KEVIN REIBORN  
Rock Hill, S.C.

Sir:

Last fall, after he had been examined by many specialists in the neurological field, our 15-year-old son, Chris, was told he could no longer play contact sports. He has a problem with the C-4 and C-5 vertebrae in his neck, and many of the doctors used Darryl Stingley as an example of what could happen to him if he continued to play. Nothing anyone said could make our son understand the risks. He was determined to go on playing football—until he read your article about Stingley. For the first time he comprehended what could happen to him, and at last his mind is at rest. I'm sorry for the tragedy in Stingley's life, but I am thankful he had the courage to tell his story.

MICHAEL EPPLE  
Libertyville, Ill.

### GARY ANDERSON

Sir:

Thank you for restoring my perspective. Along with many other fans, I felt cheated by last year's strike-shortened pro football season. Indeed, my enthusiasm for this season's campaign was tempered somewhat by allegations of performance-affecting drug use. Now, however, I look forward to cheering on my favorite players with renewed zeal, thanks to Bill Brubaker's enlightening piece (*It's Not as Simple as A, B, C*, Aug. 29) and to the first installment of Darryl Stingley's story. The former reminded me that the players are often victims of misguided athletic departments, unscrupulous agents and team owners who often deal in "rights" to athletes with shockingly little regard for the welfare of those players. The latter article underscored the fact that it is the players who face the true risks, while the owners invest in, at worst, a potential tax write-off. I am reminded of the NFL Players Association's bargaining motto: "Why a percentage of the gross? Because we are the game."

CHRISTOPHER C. KLEIN  
Buffalo  
continued



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## 19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

Bill Brubaker's story about Gary Anderson has all the ingredients of a soap opera. Unfortunately, this one's for real. I don't know which was most disturbing, Anderson's "functional illiteracy," the University of Arkansas' failure to remedy it, the possibility of lawsuits and countersuits, Jerry Argovitz, Lloyd Wells or the management of the Tampa Bay Bandits and of the San Diego Chargers. Surely, the saddest point is that, in this society at least, money seems to be accepted as adequate compensation for illiteracy.

RODRIGO TYUS  
Cincinnati

Sir:

I realize Gary Anderson was probably taken advantage of by his agents and by the Bandits and the Chargers. But regardless of Anderson's level of literacy, what ever happened to his sense of team loyalty and ethics? I feel Anderson, like so many other athletes today, went "price shopping" and changed his mind when the money got better.

TERENCE J. BROWN  
Toledo

Sir:

I fail to see why Gary Anderson has been labeled "functionally illiterate" simply because he cannot understand something as complicated as a contract negotiated by De Jerry A. Argovitz.

SHERRI DAVIS  
Tulsa

## THE COWBOYS

Sir:

Whether Dallas' three straight losses in NFC championship games are a result of a lack of skill or bad luck, I don't know (*Where Have You Gone, Roger Staubach?*, Aug. 29). But I do know that anyone who questions the players' sense of discipline and purpose when they have made it to the conference title game that many years in a row in judging these men too harshly? Calm down, folks. The Cowboys will be in the Super Bowl again.

WENDY M. WARD  
Tucker, Ga.

Sir:

Bruce Newman said, "The Cowboys never lose games, but occasionally the other team does get lucky, as Pittsburgh did in its 24-7 exhibition victory." That's not true. The Steelers just can't help beating the Cowboys.

TOM SPEYER  
Pittsburgh

Sir:

The so-called America's Team is 0-5 against Pittsburgh since 1972.

DANNY KAMAL  
Holland, Ohio

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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sion. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the "Highway Estimate."

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